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FROM THE GIFT OF

CHARLES JACKSON

Class of 1898)

OF BOSTON

FOR ENGLISH HISTORY AND
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et :
..

Francis & Augustus
CÆSAR
AND
POMPEY:

A
Roman Tragedie,

Declaring their Wars.

Out of whose Events is evi&ed this
Proposition,

Onely a just man is a Freeman.

By GEORGE CHAPMAN.

Secunda Editio.

LONDON:
Printed in the Yeer, 1652.

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May 7, 1912.

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Gift of

Charles Jackson
of Boston



TO
THE RIGHT HONO-
rable, his exceeding good Lord, the
Earle of Middlesex, &c.

Though (my good Lord) this
martiall History suffer the
diuision of Acts and Scenes,
both for the more perspicuity
and height of the celebration, yet neuer
toucht it at the Stage ; or if it had
(though some may perhaps causelessly
empaire it) yet would it, I hope, fall
vnder no exception in your Lordships
better-iudgeing estimation, since sceni-
call representation is so farre from gi-
uing iust cause of any least diminution ;
that the personall and exact life it giues

A 3

to

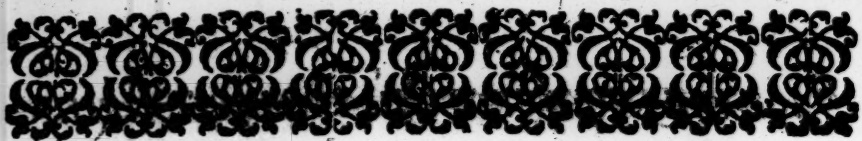
to any History, or other such delineation
of humane actions, ads to them luster,
spirit and apprehension, which the only
section of Acts and Scenes makes mee
stand vpon thus much, since that only in
some precisianismes will require a little
preuention: And the hasty prose the stile
auoides, obtaine to the more temperate
and staid numerous elocution, some assi-
stance to the acceptation and grace of it.
Though ingeniously my gratitude con-
fesseth (my Lord) it is not such as here-
after I vow to your honor; being written
so long since; and had not the timely
ripenesse of that age that (I thank God)
I yet finde no fault withall for any
old defects.

Good my Lord vouchsafe your idle mi-
nutes may admit some slight glances at
this, till some worke of more nouelty and
fashion

*fashion may conferre this the more liking
of your honors more worthy deservings;
To which his bounden affection voves
all services.*

Euer your Lordships

GEO. CHAPMAN.



The Argument.

P*ompey* and *Cesar* bring their Armies so neare *Rome*, that the Senate except against them. *Cesar* vnduly and ambitiously commanding his forces. *Pompey* more for feare of *Cesars* violence to the State, then mou'd with any affectation of his own greatnesse. Their opposite pleadings, out of which admirable narrations are made, which yet not conducing to their ends, warre ends them. In which at first *Cesar* is forc't to fly, whom *Pompey* not pursuing with such wings as fitted a speeding Conqueror; his victory was preuented, and he vnhappily dishonor'd. Whose ill fortune his most louing and learned wife *Cornelia* traualde after, with paines solemne and carefull enough; whom the two *Lentuli* and others attended, till she miserably found him, and saw him monstrously murdered.

Both the Consuls and *Cato* are slaughtered with their owne invincible hands; and *Cesar* (in spight of all his fortune) without his victory, victor.



ONLY A IVST MAN
IS A FREE MAN.

Act I. Scene I.

Cato, Athenodorus, Porcius, Statilius.

Cat. **N**OW will the two Suns of our Romane Heauen
(*Pompey & Caesar*) in their Tropicke burning,
With their contention, all the clouds assemble
That this eaten tempests to our peace & Em-
Which we shall shortly see poure down in bloud, (pire,
Ciuill and naturall, wilde and barbarous turning.

Ath. From whence presage you this?

Cat. From both their Armies,
Now gathered neere our Italic, contending
To enter seuerally: *Pompey* brought so neere
By Romes consent; for feare of tyrannous *Caesar*,
Which *Caesar* fearing to be done in fauour
Of *Pompey*, and his passage to the Empire;
Hath brought on his for interuention.
And such a flocke of Puttocks follow *Caesar*,
For fall of his ill-disposed Purse
(That neuer yet spar'd Crosse to Aquiline vertue)
As well may make all ciuill spirits suspicious.
Looke how against great raines, a standing Poole
Of Paddockes, Todes, and water-Snakes put vp

B

Their

The Tragedy of

Their speckl'd throates above the venomous Lake,
 Croking and gapping for some fresh falne drops
 To quench their poysoned thirst; being neere to flie
 With clotted purgings of their owne foule bane;
 So still, where *Cesar* goes, there thrust vp head,
 Impostors, Flatterers, Fauorites, and Bawdes,
 Buffons, Intelligencers, select wits;
 Close Murtherers, Montibanches, and decaied Theeues,
 To gaine their banefull liues relieues from him.
 From Britaine, Belgia, France, and Germanie,
 The scum of either Countrie, (chus'd by him,
 To be his blacke Guard, and red Agents here)
 Swarming about him.

Porr. And all these are said
 To be suborn'd, in chiefe, against your selfe;
 Since *Cesar* chiefly feares, that you will sit
 This day his opposite; in the cause for which
 Both you were sent for home; and he hath stolne
 Access to soone here: *Pompey* whole rest raides
 To his encounter; and on both sides, Rome
 In generall uproare.

Stat. Which Sir, if you saw,
 And knew, how for the danger, all suspect
 To this your worst friend (for that knowne freedom
 His spirit will vse this day, gainst both the Riuals,
 His wife and familie mourne, no food, no comfort
 Allowd them, for his danger) you would vse
 Your vtmost power to stay him from the Senate
 All this daies Session.

Cat. Hee's too wise, *Statilius*
 For all is nothing.

Stat. Nothing Sir? I saw
Caster and *Pollux* Temple, thrust vp full
 With all the damn'd crew you haue lately nam'd;
 The market place and suburbs swarming with them:
 And where the Senate sit, are Rufians posted
 To keepe from entering the degrees that goe

Cæsar and Pompey.

Vp to the Bench; all other but the Consuls,
Cæsar and *Pompey*, and the Senators,
And all for no cause, but to keepe out *Cato*,
With any violence, any villanie,
And is this nothing Sir? Is his One life,
On whom all good liues, and their goods depend,
In Romes whole Empire? All the iustice there
That's free, and simple; all such virtues too,
And all such knowledge; Nothing, nothing, all;

Cat. Away *Statilius*; now long shall thy loue
Exceede thy knowledge of me, and the Gods?
Whose rights thou wrongst for my right? haue not I
Their powers to guard me, in a cause of theirs?
Their iustice, and integrity included,
In what I stand for? he that feares the Gods,
For guard of any goodnesse; all things feares;
Earth, Seas, and Aire; Heauen, darknesse, broade day-light,
Rumor, and Silence, and his very shade:
And what an Aspen soule hath such a creature?
How dangerous to his soule is such a feare?
In whose cold fits, is all heauens iustice shaken
To his faint thoughts; and all the goodnesse there
Due to all good men, by the gods owne vowes,
Nay, by the firmenesse of their endlesse Being,
All which shall faile as soone as any one
Good to a good man in them: for his goodnesse
Proceeds from them, and is a beame of theirs.
O neuer more, *Statilius*, may this feare
Taint thy bould bosome, for thy selfe, or friend,
More then the gods are fearefull to defend.

Asen. Come; let him goe, *Statilius*; and your fright;
This man hath inward guard, past your yong sight. *Exeunt*

Enter Minutius, meets Cato.

Cat. Welcome; come stand by me in what is fit
For our poore Cities safety; nor respect
Her proudest foes corruption, or our danger

The Tragedy of

Of what seene face soeuer.

Min. I am yours.

But what alas, Sir, can the weaknesse doe
Against our whole State of vs only two?
You know our Statists spirits are so corrupt
And seruile to the greatest; that what crosseth
Them, or their owne particular wealth, or honor;
They will not enterprize to saue the Empire.

Cat. I know it; yet let vs doe like our selues. *Exeunt.*

*Enter some bearing Axes, bundles of rods, bare; before two
Consuls, Caesar and Metellus; Antonius, and Marcellus
in couples; Senators, People, Souldiers, &c. following.*

*The Consuls enter the Degrees, with Antonius,
and Marcellus: Caesar staying a while
without with Metellus, who hath
a paper in his hand.*

Cas. Moue you for entring only *Pompeys* army;
Which if you gaine for him; for me, all iustice
Will ioyne with my request of entring mine.

Met. Tis like so, and I purpose to enforce it.

Cas. But might we not win *Cato* to our friendship
By honoring speeches, nor perswasive gifts?

Met. Not possible.

Cas. Nor by enforciue vsage?

Met. Not all the violence that can be vsde,
Of power, or set authoitry can stirre him;
Much lesse faire words win, or rewards corrupt him;
And therefore all meanes we must vse to keepe him
From off the Bench.

Cas. Giue you the course for that,
And if he offer entry, I haue fellowes
Will serue your will on him, at my giuen signall.

They ascend.

Enter

Cæsar and Pompey.

Enter Pompey, Gabinus, Vibius, Demetrius, with papers.

Enter the Lists, ascend and sit. After whom enter

Cato, Minutius, Athenodorus,

Statilius, Porcius.

Cat. He is the man that sits so close to *Cæsar*,
And holds the law there, whispering; see the Cowherd
Hath guards of arm'd men got, against one naked.
He part their whispering virtue.

1 Hold, keepe out.

2 What? honor'd *Cato*? enter, chuse thy place.

Cat. Come in;

He drawes him in and sits betwixt Cæsar and Metellus.

—Away vnworthy groomes.

3 No more.

Cæf. What should one say to him?

Met. He will be Stoicall.

Cat. Where fit place is not giuen, it must be taken.

4 Doe, take it *Cato*; feare no greatest of them;

Thou seek'it the peoples good; and these their owne.

5 Braue *Cato*! what a countenance he puts on?

Let's giue his noble will, our utmost power.

6 Be bould in all thy will; for being iust,

Thou maist defie the gods.

Cat. Said like a God.

Met. We must endure these people.

Cæf. Doe; begin.

Met. Consuls, and reuerend Fathers; And ye people,

Whose voyces are the voyces of the Gods;

I here haue drawne a law, by good consent,

For entring into *Italy*, the army

Of *Romes* great *Pompey*: that his forces here,

As well as he, great *Rome*, may rest secure

From danger of the yet still smoaking fire,

Of *Catiline*s abhorr'd conspiracy:

Of which the very chiefe are left aliue,

Only chastisde, but with a gentle prison.

Cat. Put them to death then, and strike dead our feare,

The Tragedy of

That well you vrge, by their vnhit furuinall.
Rather then keepe it quick; and two hies giue it,
By entertaining *Pompeys* army too.

That giues as great cause of our feare, as they.
For their conspiracy, onely was to make
One Tyrant ouer all the State of *Rome*.
And *Pompeys* army, suffered to be entred,
Is, to make him, or giue him meanes to be so.

Met. It followes not.

Cat. In purpose; clearely Sir,
Which Ile illustrate, with a cleare example.
If it be day, the Sunne's aboue the earth;
Which followes not (youle answer) for 'tis day
When first the morning breakes; and yet is then
The body of the Sunne beneath the earth;
But he is virtually aboue it too,
Because his beames are there; and who then knowes not
His golden body will soone after mount.
So *Pompeys* army entred *Italy*,
Yet *Pompey's* not in *Rome*; but *Pompey's* beames
Who sees not there? and consequently, he
Is in all meanes enthron'd in th' Emperie.

Met. Examples proue not, we will haue the army
Of *Pompey* entred.

Cato. We? which we intend you?
Haue you already bought the peoples voices?
Or beare our Consuls or our Senate here
So small loue to their Courtry; that their wills
Beyond their Countrys right are so peructle,
To giue a Tyrant here entire command?
Which I haue prou'd as cleare as day, they doe,
If either the Conspirators suruiuing
Be let to liue; or *Pompeys* army entred;
Both which, beat one sole path; and threat one danger.

Cas. Consuls, and honor'd Fathers; The sole entry
Of *Pompeys* army, Ile not yet examine:
But for the great Conspirators yet liuing,

(Which

Cæsar and Pompey.

(Which *Cato* will conclude as one selfe danger,
To our deare Country; and deterre all therefore
That loue their Country, from their liues defence
I see no reason why such danger hangs
On their sau'd liues; being still safe kept in prison;
And since close prison, to a Roman freedome,
Ten fold torments more, then directest death,
Who can be thought to loue the lesse his Country,
That seekes to saue their liues? And lest my selfe
(Thus speaking for them) be vniustly toucht
With any lesse doubt of my Countreyes loue,
Why (reuerend Fathers) may it be esteem'd
Selfe praise in me, to proue my selfe a chiefe
Both in my loue of her; and in desert
Of her like loue in me? For he that does
Most honour to his Mistresse, well may boast
(Without least question) that he loues her most.
And though things long since done, were long since
And so may seeme superfluous to repeat; (known,
Yet being forgotten, as things neuer done,
Their repetition needfull is, in iustice,
T'enflame the shame of that oblivion;
For hoping it will seeme no lesse enuaine
To others acts, to truly tell mine owne,
Put all together, I haue past them all
That by their acts can boast themselves to be
Their Countreyes louers; first in those wilde kingdomes
Subdu'd to *Rome*, by my vnwearied toyle.
Which I disauug'd and made nobly ciuill.
Next, in the multitude of those rude Realmes
That so I fashiond; and to *Rome* yong Empire
Of old haue added: Then the battailes numbred
This hand hath fought, and wonne for her, with all
Those infinities of dreadfull enemies
(I slue in them: Twice fiftene hundred thousand
All able Souldiers) I haue driven at once
Before my forces: and in sundry onsets,

The Tragedy of

A thousand thousand of them, put to sword:
Besides, I tooke in lesse then ten yeares time,
By strong assault, aboue eight hundred Cities,
Three hundred severall Nations, in that space,
Subduing to my Countrey; all which service,
I trust, may interest me in her loue,
Publique, and generall enough, to acquit me
Of any selfe-loue; past her common good:
For any motion of particular iustice
(By which her generall Empire is maintaind)
That I can make for those accused prisoners,
Which is but by the way; that so the reason
Metellus makes for entring *Pompeys* armie,
May not more weighty seeme, then to agree
With those imprison'd nobles vitall safeties.
Which granted, or but yeelded fit to be,
May well extenuate the necessity
Of entring *Pompeys* armie.

Cat. All that need

Itooke away before; and reasons gaue
For a necessity to keepe it out
Whose entry (I thinke) he himselfe affects not.
Since I as well thinke he affects not th'Empire,
And both those thoughts hold; since he loues his Countrey,
In my great hopes of him too well to seeke
His sole rule of her, when so many soules,
So hard a taske approue it; nor my hopes
Of his sincere loue to his Countrey, build
On sandier grounds then *Cesars*; since he can
As good Cards shew for it as *Cesar* did,
And quit therein the close aspersions
Of his ambition, seeking to imploy
His army in the breast of *Italy*.

Pomp. Let me not thus (imperiall Bench and Senate)
Eeele my selfe beat about the eares, and tost
With others breathes to any coast they please:
And not put some stay to my errors in them.

The

Cæsar and Pompey.

The gods can witnesse that not my ambition
Hath brought to question th'entry of my army ;
And therefore not suspected the effect,
Of which that entry is supposed the cause :
Which is a will in me, to giue my power
The rule of *Romes* sole Empire ; that most strangely
Would put my will in others powers ; and powers
(Vntorfeited by my fault) in others wills.
My selfe-loue, out of which all this must rise :
I will not wrong the knowne proofes of my loue
To this my native Cities publique good,
To quit, or thinke of ; nor repeat those proofes
Confirm'd in those three triumphs I haue made ;
For conquest of the whole inhabited world ;
First *Affrick*, *Europe*, and then *Asia*,
Which neuer Consull but my selfe could boast.
Nor can blinde Fortune vaunt her partiall hand,
In any part of all my seruices,
Though some haue said, she was the page of *Cæsar*,
Both sayling, marching, fighting, and preparing
His fights in very order of his battailes :
The parts she plaid for him inuerting nature,
As giuing calmnesse to th'enraged sea ;
Imposing Summers weather on sterne winter ;
Winging the slowest foot he did command,
And his most Cowherd making fierce of hand.
And all this euer when the force of man
Was quite exceeded in it all ; and she
In th' instant adding her cleare deiry.
Yet, her for me, I both disclaime and scorne ;
And where all fortune is renounc't, no reason
Will thinke one man transferd with affectation
Of all *Pomes* Empire ; for he must haue fortune
That goes beyond a man ; and where so many
Their hand-sulls finde with it ; the one is mad
That vndergoes it : and where that is clear'd ;
Th'imputed meanes to it, which is my iute

The Tragedy of

For entry of mine army, I conlute.

Cat. What rests then, this of all parts being disclaimd?

Met. My part, Sir, rests, that let great Pompey beare
What spirit he lists; 'tis needfull yet for Rome,
That this Law be establisht for his army.

Cas. Tis then as needfull to admit in mine;
Or else let both lay downe our armes; for else
To take my charge off, and leaue Pompey his;
You wrongfully accuse me to intend
A tyranny amongst ye; and shall giue
Pompey full meanes to be himselfe a tyrant,

Anth. Can this be answer'd?

1 Conf. Is it then your wils
That Pompey shall cease armes?

Anth. What else?

Ommes. No, no.

2 Conf. Shall Caesar cease his armes?

Omn. I, I.

Anth. For shame

Then yeeld to this cleare equity, that both
May leaue their armes.

Omn. We indifferent stand.

Met. Read but this law, and you shall see a difference
Twixt equity and your indifferency;
All mens obiections answered; Read it Notary.

Cat. He shall not read it.

Met. I will read it then.

Min. Nor thou shalt read it, being a thing so vaine,
Pretending cause for Pompeys armies entry,
That only by thy Complices and thee;
Tis forg'd to set the Senate in an vproare:

Met. I haue it Sir, in memory, and will speake it.

Cat. Thou shalt be dumbe as soon.

Cas. Pull downe this Cato,
Author of factions, and to prison with him.

Gen. Come downe Sir.

Pom. Hence ye mercenary Rustians.

*He drawes,
and all draw.*

1 Conf.

Cæsar and Pompey.

Cons. What outrage shew you? sheath your insolent swords,
Or be proclaim'd your Countreys foes and traytors.

Pom. How insolent a part was this in you,
To offer the imprisonment of *Cato*?
When there is right in him (were forme so answer'd
With termes and place) to send vs both to prison?
If, of our owne ambitions, we should offer
Th'entry of our armies; for who knowes
That, of vs both, the best friend to his Country,
And freest from his owne particular ends;
(Being in his power) would not assume the Empire,
And hauing it, could rule the State so well
As now 'tis gouer'nd, for the common good?

Cæs. Accuse your selfe, Sir, (if your conscience vrge it)
Or of ambition, or corruption,
Or insufficiency to rule the Empire,
And sound not me with your Lead.

Pom. Lead? tis Gold,
And spirit of Gold too; to the politique drosse
With which false *Cæsar* sounds men; and for which
His praise and honour crownes them; who sounds not
The inmost sand of *Cæsar*? for but sand
Is all the rope of your great parts affected.
You speake well, and are learn'd; and golden speech
Did Nature neuer giue man; but to guild
A copper soule in him; and all that learning
That heartily is spent in painting speech,
Is merely painted, and no solid knowledge.
But y'aue another praise for temperance,
Which nought commends your free choice to be temperate.
For so you must be; at least in your meales,
Since y'aue a malady that tyes you to it;
For feare of daily fals in your aspirings.
And your disease the gods nere gaue to man,
But such a one, as had a spirit too great
For all his bodies passages to serue it,
Which notes th'excesse of your ambition.

The Tragedy of

The malady chancing where the pores and passages
Through which the spirit of a man is borne,
So narrow are, and straight, that oftentimes
They intercept it quite, and choake it vp.
And yet because the greatnesse of it notes
A heat mere fleshly, and of bloods ranck fire,
Goates are of all beasts subiect't to it most.

Cas. Your selfe might haue it then, if those faults cause it;
But deales this man ingeniously, to tax
Men with a frailty that the gods inflict?

Pomp. The gods inflict on men, diseases neuer,
Or other outward malmes; but to decipher,
Correct, and order some rude vice within them:
And why decipher they it, but to make
Men note, and shun, and tax it to th'extreame?
Nor will I see my Countreyes hopes abuse,
In any man commanding in her Empire;
If my more tryall of him, makes me see more
Into his intricacies; and my freedome
Hath spirit to speake more, then obseruers seruile.

Cas. Be free, Sir, of your insight and your speech;
And speak, and see more, then the world besides;
I must remember I haue heard of one,
That same gaue out, could see thorow Oke and stone:
And of another set in *Sicily*,
That could discerne the Carthaginian Nauy,
And number them distinctly, leauing harbor,
Though full a day and nights saile distant thence:
But these things (Reuerend Fathers) I conceiue;
Hardly appeare to you worth graue belife:
And therefore since such strange things haue beene seene
In my so deepe and foule detractions,
By only Lyncean *Pompey*; who was molt
Lou'd and belecu'd of *Romes* most famous whore,
Infamous *Flora*; by so fine a man
As *Galba*, or *Sarmentus*; any iester
Or flatterer may draw through a Ladyes Ring;

Cæsar and Pompey.

By one that all his Souldiers call in scorne
Great *Agamemnon*, or the king of men;
I rest vn mou'd with him; and yeeld to you
To right my wrongs, or his abuse allow.

Cat. My Lords, ye make all *Rome* amaz'd to heare.

Pom. Away, Ile heare no more; I heare it thunder
My Lords; All you that loue the good of *Rome*,
I charge ye, follow me; all such as stay,
Are friends to *Cæsar*, and their Countreys foes.

Cæ. Th'euent will fall out contrary, my Lords.

1 *Cons.* Goe, thou art a thiefe to *Rome*. dilcharge thine army,
Or be proclaim'd, forthwith, her open foe.

2 *Cons.* *Pompey*, I charge thee, helpe thy iniur'd Country
With what powers thou hast arm'd, and leuy more.

The Ruffians. Warre, warre, O *Cæsar*.

Sen. and Peop. Peace, peace, worthy *Pompey*.

Act II. Scene I.

*Enter Fronto all ragg'd, in an ouergrowne red Beard,
black head, with a Halter in his band,
looking about.*

VArres, warres, and presses, fly in fire about;
No more can I lurke in my lasie corners,
Nor shifting courses; and with honest meanes
To rack my miserable life out, more,
The rack is not so fearefull; when dishonest
And villanous fashions saile me; can I hope
To liue with virtuous? or to raise my fortunes
By creeping vp in Souldierly degrees?
Since villany varied thorow all his figures,
Will put no better case on me then this;
Despaire! come sease me; I had able meanes;

The Tragedy of

And spent all in the swinge of lewd affections;
Plung'd in all riot, and the rage of blood;
In full assurance that being knaue enough,
Barbarous enough, base, ignorant enough,
I needs must haue enough, while this world lasted;
Yet, since I am a poore, and ragged knaue,
My rags disgrace my knauery so, that none
Will thinke I am knaue; as if good clothes
Were knacks to know a knaue; when all men know
He has no liuing? which knacks since my knauery
Can shew no more; and only shew is all
That this world cares for; Ile step out of all
The cares 'tis sleight in. *He offers to hang himselfe.*

*Thunder, and the Gulfe opens, flames issuing; and O-
phionews ascending, with the face, wings, and
taile of a Dragon; a skin coate all
speckled on the throat.*

Oph. Hold Rascall, hang thy selfe in these dayes?
The only time that euer was for a Rascall to liue in?

Fron. How chance I cannot liue then?

Oph. Either th'art not rascall nor villaine enough;
Or else thou dost not pretend honesty
And piety enough to disguise it.

Fro. That's certaine, for euery asse does that.
What art thou?

Oph. A villaine worse then thou.

Fro. And dost breathe?

Oph. I speake thou hear'st, I moue, my pulse beates
Fast as thine.

Fro. And wherefore liu'st thou?

Oph. The world's out of frame, a thousand Rulers
Wrestling it this way, and that, with as many
Religions; when, as heauens vpper Sphere is mou'd
Onely by one; so should the Sphere of earth be, and
Ile haue it so.

Fro.

Cæsar and Pompey.

Fro. How canst thou ? what art thou ?

Oph. My shape may tell thee.

Fro. No man ?

Oph. Man ? no, spawne of a clot, none of that cursed Crew, damn'd in the masse it selfe ; plagu'd in his birth, Confinde to creepe below, and wrestle with the Elements ; Teach himselfe tortures ; kill himselfe, hang himselfe ; No such gally slaue, but at warre with heauen ; Spurning the power of the gods, command the Elements.

Fro. What maist thou be then ?

Oph. An endlesse friend of thine ; an immortall deuill.

Fro. Heauen bleste vs.

Oph. Nay then, forth, goe, hang thy selfe, and thou talkest Of heauen once.

Fro. I haue done ; what deuill art thou ?

Oph. Read the old stoick Pherecides, that tels thee Me truely, and sayes that I *Ophionem* (for so is My name.)

Fro. *Ophionem* ? what's that ?

Oph. Deuillish Serpent, by interpretation ; was generall Captaine of that rebellious host of spirits that Wag'd warre with heauen.

Fro. And so were hurld downe to hell.

Oph. We were so ; and yet haue the rule of earth ; and cares Any man for the worst of hell then ?

Fro. Why should he ?

Oph. Well said ; what's thy name now ?

Fro. My name is *Fronto*.

Oph. *Fronto* ? A good one ; and has *Fronto* liu'd thus long In *Rome* ? lost his state at dice ? murder'd his Brother for his meanes ? spent all ? run thorow worse Offices since ? beene a Promoter ? a Purueyer ? a Pander ? A Sumner ? a Sergeant ? an Intelligencer ? and at last Hang thy selfe ?

Fro. How the deuill knowes he all this ?

Oph. Why thou art a most Greene Plouer in policy, I Perceiue ; and maist drinke Colts-foote, for all thy Horse mane

The Tragedy of

Horsemane beard : S'light, what need hast
Thou to hang thy selfe ? as if there were a dearth
Of hangmen in the land ? Thou liu'st in a good cheape
State, a man may be hang'd here for a litle, or
Nothing. What's the reason of thy desperation ?

Fro. My idle dissolute life, is thrust out of all his corners
By this searching tumult now on foot in Rome.

—————*Caesar* now and *Pompey*
Are both for battaile : *Pompey* (in his feare
Of *Caesars* greater force) is sending hence
His wife and children, and he bent to fly.

Enter Pompey running over the Stage with his wife and chil-
dren, Gabinus, Demetrius, Vibius, Pages ; other Se-
nators, the Consuls and all following.

See, all are on their wings ; and all the City
In such an uproare, as if fire and sword
Were ransacking, and ruining their houses,
No idle person now can lurke neare Rome,
All must to armes ; or shake their heeles beneath
Her martiall halters ; whose officious pride
Ile shun, and vse mine owne swinge : I be forc't
To helpe my Countrey, when it forceth me
To this past-helping pickle ?

Oph. Goe to, thou shalt serue me ; chuse thy profession ;
And what cloth thou wouldst wish to haue thy Coat
Cut out on.

Fro. I can name none.

Oph. Shall I be thy learn'd Counsaile ?

Fro. None better.

Oph. Be an Archflamen then, to one of the Gods.

Fro. Archflamen ? what's that ?

Oph. A Priest.

Fro. A Priest ? that nere was Clerke ?

Oph. No Clerke ? what then ?

The greatest Clerks are not the wisest men.

Nor

Cæsar and Pompey.

Nor skills it for degrees in a knaue, or a fooies preferment,
Thou shalt rise by fortune : let desert rise leisurly
Enough, and by degrees ; fortune preferres headlong,
And comes like riches to a man ; huge riches being
Got with little paines ; and little with huge paines. And
For discharge of the Priesthood, what thou wantst
In learning, thou shalt take out in goodfellowship :
Thou shalt equiuocate with the Sophister, prate with
The Lawyer, scrape with the Vsurer, drinke with the
Dutchman, sweare with the French man, cheat
With the English man, brag with the Scot, and
Turne all this to Religion, *Hoc est regnum*
Deorum Gentibus.

Fro. All this I can doe to a haire.

Oph. Very good, wilt thou shew thy selfe deeply learn'd too,
And to liue licentiously here, care for nothing hereafter ?

Fro. Not for hell ?

Oph. For hell ? soft Sir ; hop'st thou to purchase hell
With only dicie or whoring away thy liuing ?
Murthering thy brother, and so forth ? No there
Remaine works of a higher hand and deeper braine,
To obtaine hell. Thinkst thou earths great
Potentates haue gotten their places there with
Any single act of murther, poysoning, adutery,
And the rest ? No ; tis a purchase for all manner
Of villany ; especially, that may be priuiledg'd
By Authority ; colourd with holincesse, and enioyd
With pleasure.

Fro. O this were most honourable and admirable.

Oph. Why such an admirable honorable villane shalt
Thou be.

Fro. Is't possible ?

Oph. Make no doubt on't ; Ile inspire thee.

Fro. Sacred and puissant.

He kneeles.

Oph. Away ; Companion and friend, giue me thy
Hand ; say, dost not loue me ? art not enamourd
Of my acquaintance ?

The Tragedy of

Fro. Protest I am.

Oph. Well said, protest and tis enough. And know for Infalible ; I haue promotion for thee ; both here, and Hereafter ; which not one great one amongst Millions shall euer aspire to. *Alexander*, nor great *Cyrus*, retaine those titles in hell, that they did On earth.

Fro. No ? *Oph.* No : he that sold Seacoale here, shall be A Baron there ; he that was a cheating Rogue here, shall be a Iustice of peace there ; A knaue here, a knight there. In the meane Space, learne what it is to liue ; and thou shalt Haue Chopines at commandment to any height Of life thou canst wish.

Fro. I feare my fall is too low.

Oph. Too low foole thast thou not heard of *Vulcans* falling Out of heauen ? Light a thy legges, and no matter Though thou halest with thy best friend euer after ; tis The more comely and fashionable. Better goe lame In the fashion with *Pompey*, then neuer so vpright, Quite out of the fashion with *Cato*.

Fro. Yet you cannot change the old fashion (they say) And hide your clouen feet.

Oph. No ? I can weare Roses that shall spread quite Over them.

Fro. For loue of the fashion doe then.

Oph. Goe to ; I will hereafter.

Fro. But for the Priesthood you offer me, I affect it not.

Oph. No ? what saist thou to a rich office then ?

Fro. The only second meanes to raise a rascal In the earth.

Oph. Goe to ; Ile helpe thee to the best rich earth then : And that's in *Sicilia* ; the very storehouse of the Romanes, where the Lord chiefe Censor there Lyes now a dying ; whose soule I will haue ; and Thou shalt haue his office.

Fro. Excellent ; was euer great office better supplied ? *Exeunt.*

Nautica.

Cæsar and Pompey.

Nuntius.

Now is the mighty Empresse of the earth
(Great *Rome*) fast lockt vp in her fancied strength,
All broke in vproares; fearing the iust gods
In plagues will drowne her so abused blessings.
In which feare, all without her wals, fly in;
By both their iarring Champions rushing out;
And those that were within, as fast fly forth;
The Consuls both are fled without one rite
Of sacrifice submitted to the gods,
As euer heretofore their custome was
When they began the bloody frights of warre.
In which our two great Souldiers now encountring,
Since both left *Rome*, oppos'd in bitter skirmish,
Pompey (not willing yet to hazard battaile,
By *Cæsar* counsaile, vrging good cause) fled:
Which firing *Cæsars* spirit, he pursu'd
So home, and fiercely, that great *Pompey* skorning
The heart he tooke, by his aduised flight,
Despise aduice as much as his pursue.
And as in *Lybia*, an aged Lion,
Vrg'd from his peacefull couert, feares the light
With his vnready and diseas'd appearance,
Giues way to chace a while, and coldly hunts,
Till with the youthfull hunters wanton heat,
He all his coole wrath frets into a flame:
And then his sides he swings with his Sterne,
To lash his strength vp, let's downe all his browes
About his burning eyes; erects his mane,
Breakes all his throat in thunders, and to wreake
His hunters insolence, his heart euen barking;
He frees his fury, turnes, and rushes back
With such a gassly horror, that in heapes,
His proud foes fly, and he that station keepes:
So *Pompeys* coole spirits, put to all their heat

The Tragedy of

By *Cæsars* hard pursuit he turnd fresh head,
And flew vpon his foe with such a rapture
As rooke vp into furies, all friends feares;
Who fir'd with his first turning, all turnd head,
And gaue so fierce a charge, their followers fled,
Whole instant issue on their both sides, see,
And after set out such a tragedy,
As all the Princes of the earth may come
To take their patternes by the spirits of *Rome*.

Alarmo, after which enter Caesar following Crassinus calling to the Souldiers.

Crass. Stay cowherd, fly ye *Cæsars* fortunes?

Cæs. Forbeare foolish *Crassinus*, we contend in vaine
To stay these vapours, and must raise our Campe.

Crass. How shall we rise (my Lord) but all in vproares,
Being still persude?

Enter Acilius.

The pursuit stayes, my Lord,
Pompey hath sounded a retreat, resigning
His time to you to vse, in instant rayling
Your ill-lodg'd army, pitching now where fortune
May good amends make for her fault to day.

Cæs. It was not fortunes fault, but mine *Acilius*,
To giue my foe charge, being so neare the sea,
Where well I knew the eminence of his strength,
And should haue driven thencounter further off;
Bearing before me such a goodly Country,
So plentifull, and rich, in all things fit
To haue suppli'd my armies want with victuals,
And th'able Cities too, to strengthen it,
Of *Macedon* and *Thessaly*, where now
I rather was besieg'd for want of food,
Then did assault with fighting force of armes.

Enter

Cæsar and Pompey.

Enter Anthony, Vibius, with others.

Ant. See, Sir, here's one friend of your foes recover'd.

Cæs. Vibius? In happy houre.

Vib. For me vnhappy.

Cæs. What it brought against your will?

Vib. Else had not come.

Ant. Sir, hee's your prisoner, but had made you his,
Had all the rest pursu'd the chace like him;
He draue on like a fury; past all friends,
But we that tooke him quick in his engagement.

Cæs. O *Vibius*, you deserue to pay a ranfome
Of infinite rate, for had your Generall ioyn'd
In your addression, or knowne how to conquer;
This day had prou'd him the supream of *Cæsar*.

Vib. Knowne how to conquer? His five hundred Conquests
Atchieu'd ere this day, make that doubt vnfit
For him that flies him; for, of issues doubtfull
Who can at all times put on for the best?
If I were mad, must hee his army venture
In my engagement? Nor are Generalls euer
Their powers disposers, by their proper Angels,
But cruell against them, oftentimes, their Counsailes,
Wherein, I doubt not, *Cæsars* selfe hath err'd
Sometimes, as well as *Pompey*.

Cæs. Or done worse,
In disobeying my Counsaile (*Vibius*)
Of which, this dayes abused light is witnesse;
By which I might haue seene a course secure
Of this discomfiture.

Ant. Amends sits euer
Aboue repentance, what's done, with not vndone;
But that prepared patience that you know
Best fits a souldier charg'd with hardest fortunes;
Asks still your vse, since powers still temperate kept
Ope still the clearer eyes by one faults sight

The Tragedy of

To place the next act, in the surer right.

Ces. You prompt me nobly Sir, repaying in me
Mine owne stayes practice, out of whose repose
The strong convulsions of my spirits forc't me
Thus farre beyond my temper; but good *Vibius*,
Be ransom'd with my loue, and haste to *Pompey*,
Entreating him from me, that we may meet,
And for that reason which I know this day
(Was giuen by *Cato*, for his pursutes stay
Which was preuention of our *Romane* blood)
Propose my offer of our hearty peace.

That being reconcil'd, and mutuall faith
Giuen on our either part, not three dayes light
May further shew vs foes, but (both our armies
Disperst in Garisons) we may returne
Within that time to *Italy*, such friends
As in our Countreyes loue, containe our spleenes

Vib. Tis offerd, Sir, 'boue the rate of *Cesar*
In other men, but in what I approue
Beneath his merits: which I will not faile
T'enforce at full to *Pompey*, nor forget
In any time the gratitude of my seruice. *Vi. salutes Ant. and*
Ces. Your loue, Sir, and your friendship. *the other, & exit.*
Ant. This prepares a good induction to the change of for-
In this dayes issue, if the pride it kindles (tune,
In *Pompeys* vaines, makes him deny a peace
So gently offerd: for her alterd hand
Works neuer surer from her ill to good
On his side she hath hurt, and on the other
With other changes, then when meanes are vsde
To keepe her constant, yet retire refusde.

Ces. I try no such conclusion, but desire
Directly peace. In meane space Ile prepare
For other issue in my vtmost meanes;
Whose hopes now resting at *Brundisium*,
In that part of my army, with *Sabinus*,
I wonder he so long delaies to bring me,

And

Cæsar and Pompey.

And must in person haste him, if this euen
I heare not from him.

Crass. That (I hope) flies farre
Your full intent, my Lord, since *Pompeys* navie,
You know, lies howering all alongst those seas;
In too much danger, for what ayde soeuer
You can procure to passe your person safe.

Acil. Which doubt may proue the cause that stayes *Sabinus*;
And, if with shipping fit to passe your army,
He yet straines time to venture, I presume
You will not passe your person with such Conuoy
Of those poore vessels, as may serue you here.

Cæs. How shall I helpe it? shall I suffer this
Torment of his delay? and rack suspitions
Worse then assur'd destructions through my thoughts.

Anth. Past doubt he will be here; I left all orderd,
And full agreement made with him to make
All utmost haste, no least let once suspected.

Cæs. Suspected? what suspicion should feare a friend
In such assur'd streights from his friends enlargement.
If twere his souldiers safeties he so tenders,
Were it not better they should sinke by sea,
Then wrack their number, King and cause ashore?
Their stay is worth their ruine, should we liue,
If they in fault were? if their leader! he
Sould dye the deaths of all; in meane space, I
That should not, beare all, fly the sight in shame,
Thou eye of nature, and abortiue night
Fall dead amongst vs: with defects, defects
Must serue proportion; iustice neuer can
Be else restor'd, nor right the wrongs of man. *Exeunt.*

*Pompey, Cato, Gabinius, Demetrius, Atheno-
dorus, Porcius, Statilius.*

Pomp. This charge of our fierce foe, the friendly gods
Haue in our strengthen'd spirits beaten back

With

The Tragedy of

With happy issue, and his forces lessen'd,
Of two and thirty Ensignes forc't from him,
Two thousand souldiers slaine.

Cat. O boast not that,
Their losse is yours, my Lord.

Pomp. I boast it not,
But only name the number.

Gab. Which right well
You might haue raisde so high, that on their tops
Your Throne was offer'd, euer t'ouerlooke
Subuerted *Cesar*, had you beene so blest
To giue such honor to your Captaines Counsailes
As their alacrities did long to merit
With proofefull action.

Dem. O twas ill neglected.

Stat. It was deferr'd with reason, which not yet
Th'euent so cleare is to confute.

Pom. If twere,
Our likeliest then was, not to hazard battaile,
Th'adventure being so casuall; if compar'd
With our more certaine meanes to his subuersion;
For finding now our army amply storde
With all things fit to tarry surer time,
Reason thought better to extend to length
The warre betwixt vs; that his little strength
May by degrees proue none; which vrged now,
(Consisting of his best and ablest souldiers)
We should haue found at one direct set battaile
Of matchlesse valours; their defects of victuall
Not tiring yet enough on their tough nerues,
Where, on the other part, to put them still
In motion, and remotion, here and there;
Enforcing them to fortifying still
Where euer they set downe; to siege a wall,
Keepe watch all night in armour: their most part
Can neuer beare it, by their yeares oppression;
Spent heretofore too much in those Steele toyles.

Cat.

Cæsar and Pompey.

Cat. I so aduise, and yet repent it not,
But much reioyce in so much saued blood
As had beene pour'd out in the stroke of battaile,
Whose fury thus preuented, comprehends
Your Countreys good, and Empires; in whose care,
Let me beseech you that in all this warre,
You sackno City, subiect to our Rule,
Nor put to sword one Citizen of *Rome*;
But when the needfull fury of the sword
Can make no fit distinction in maine battaile,
That you will please still to prolong the stroke
Of absolute decision to these iarres,
Considering you shall strike it with a man
Of much skill and experience, and one
That will his Conquest sell at infinite rate,
If that must end your difference; but I doubt
There will come humble offer on his part,
Of honor'd peace to you, for whose sweet name
So cryed out to you in our late-met Senate,
Lost no fit offer of that wished treaty.
Take pity on your Countreys blood as much
As possible may stand without the danger
Of hindering her iustice on her foes,
Which all the gods to your full wish dispose.

Pom. Why will you leaue vs? whither will you goe
To keepe your worthyest person in more safety
Then in my army, so deuoted to you?

Cat. My person is the least, my Lord, I value;
I am commanded by our powerfull Senate,
To view the Cities, and the kingdomes scituate
About your either army, that which side
Soeuer conquer, no disordered straglers
Pust with the Conquest, or by need impeld,
May take their swinge more then the care of one
May curb and order in these neighbor confines
My chiefe passe yet resolues for *Vtica*.

Pom. Your passe (my truest friend, and worthy Father)

The Tragedy of

May all good powers make safe, and alwayes answer
Your infinite merits, with their like protection.
In which, I make no doubt but we shall meet
With mutuall greetings, or for absolute conquest
Or peace preventing that our bloody stroke, |
Nor let our parting be dishonor'd so,
As not to take into our noblest notice
Your selfe (most learned and admired Father)
Whose merits, if I liue, shall lack no honor.
Porcius, Statilius, though your spirits with mine
Would highly chere me, yet ye shall bestow them
In much more worthy conduct, but loue me,
And wish me conquest, for your Countreys sake.

Sta. Our liues shall seale our loues, Sir, with worst deaths
Aduentur'd in your seruice.

Pom. Yare my friends. *Exeunt. Cat. Athen. Por. Stat.*
These friends thus gone, tis more then time we minded
Our lost friend *Vibius*.

Gab. You can want no friends,
See, our two Consuls, Sir, betwixt them bringing
The worthy *Brutus*.

Enter two Consuls leading Brutus betwixt them.

1 Cons. We attend (my Lord)
With no meane friend, to spirit your next encounter,
Six thousand of our choice Patrician youths
Brought in his conduct.

2 Cons. And though neuer yet
He hath saluted you with any word
Or looke of slenderest loue in his whole life,
Since that long time since, of his fathers death
By your hand author'd; yet see, at your need
He comes to serue you freely for his Country.

Pom. His friendly presence, making up a third
With both your persons, I as gladly welcome,
As if *loues* triple flatterie had guilt this field,

And

Cæsar and Pompey.

And lightn'd on my right hand, from his shield.

Bru. I well assure my selfe, Sir, that no thought
In your ingenious construction, touches
At the asperſion that my tendred ſervice
Proceeds from my deſpaire of elſewhere ſafety,
But that my Countreys ſafety owning iuſtly
My whole habilities of life and fortunes,
And you the ableſt ſauour of her ſafety,
Her loue, and (for your loue of her) your owne
Only makes ſacred to your uſe my offering.

Pom. Farre fly all other thought from my conſtruction,
And due acceptance of the liberall honor,
Your loue hath done me, which the gods are witneſſe,
I take as ſtirr'd vp in you by their fauours,
Nor leſſe eſteeme it then an offering holy;
Since, as of all things, man is ſaid the meaſure,
So your full merits meaſure forth a man.

1 *Conf.* See yet, my Lord, more friends.

2 *Conf.* Fiue Kings, your ſeruants.

Enter ſiue Kings.

Hib. Conqueſt and all grace crowne the gracious *Pompey*,
To ſerue whom in the ſacred *Romane* ſafety,
My ſelfe, *Iberias* King, preſent my forces.

Theſſ. And I that hold the tributary Throne
Of *Grecian Theſſaly*, ſubmit my homage,
To *Rome*, and *Pompey*.

Cil. So *Cilicia* too.

Epir. And ſo *Epirus*.

Thra. Laſtly I from *Thrace*

Preſent the duties of my power and ſervice.

Pom. Your royall aides deſerue of *Rome* and *Pompey*
Our vtmoſt honors. O may now our fortune
Not ballance her broad breſt twixt two light wings,
Nor on a ſlippery globe ſuſtaine her ſteps,
But as the *Spartans* ſay, the *Paphian Queene*

The Tragedy of

(The flood *Eurotas* passing) laid aside
Her Glaſſe, her Celſon, and her amorous graces,
And in *Lycurgus* fauor; arm'd her beauties
With Shield and Iaueline, ſo may fortune now,
The flood of all our enemies forces paſſing
With her faire Enſignes, and arriu'd at ours,
Diſplume her ſhoulders, caſt off her wing'd ſhoes,
Her faithleſſe, and ſtill-rowling ſtone ſpurne from her,
And enter our powers as ſhe may remaine:
Our firme aſſiſtent: that the generall aydes,
Fauours, and honors you performe to *Rome*,
May make her build with you her endleſſe home.

Om. The gods vouchſafe it; and our cauſes right.

Dem. What ſuddaine Shade is this? obſerue my Lords,
The night, methinks, comes on before her houre.

Thunder and lightning.

Gab. Nor truſt me if my thoughts conceiue not ſo.

Brn. What thin clouds fly the winds, like ſwifteſt ſhafts
Along aires middle region.

1 Conf. They preſage
Vnuſuall tempeſts.

2 Conf. And tis their repaire,
That timeleſſe darken thus the gloomy ayre.

Pom. Let's force no open from it, but avoid.
The vapors furies now by *Ioue* employd.

Thunder continued, and Caesar enters diſguiſed.

The wrathfull tempeſt of the angry night,
Where hell flies muſt'd vp in clouds of pitch,
Mingl'd with Sulphure, and theſe dreadfull bolts,
The Cyclops Ram in *Ioues* Artillery,
Hath rous'd the furies, arm'd in all their horrors,
Vp to the enuious ſeas, in ſpight of *Caſar*.
O night, O ielous night, of all the nobleſt
Beauties, and glories, where the gods haue ſtroke
Their foure digeſtions, from thy gaſtly Chaos,

Bluſh

Cæsar and Pompey.

Blush thus to drowne them all in this houre sign'd
By the necessity of fate for *Cæsar*.
I that haue ransackt all the world for worth,
To forme in man the image of the gods,
Must like them haue the power to check the worst
Of all things vnder their celestially Empire,
Stoope it, and burst it, or breake through it all,
With vse and safety, till the Crowne be set
On all my actions; that the hand of nature
In all her worst works ayming at an end,
May in a master-peece of hers be seru'd
With tops, and state fit for his virtuous Crowne:
Not list arts thus farre vp in glorious frame,
To let them vanish thus in smoke and shame.
This riuer *Anio* (in whose mouth now lyes
A Pynnae I would passe in, to fetch on
My armies dull rest from *Brundisium*)
That is at all times else exceeding calme,
(By reason of a purling winde that flies
Off from the shore each morning, driuing vp
The billows farre to sea) in this night yet,
Beares such a terrible gale, put off from sea,
As beats the land wind back, and thrusts the flood
Vp in such vproare, that no boat dare stirre.
And on it is disperst all *Pompeys* nauy
To make my perill yet more enuious.
Shall I yet shrink for all? were all, yet more?
There is a certaine need that I must giue
Way to my palle; none, knowne, that I must liue.

Enter Master of a ship with Sailors

Mastr. What battaile is there fought now in the ayre.
That threats the wrack of nature?

Cæs. Master? come.
Shall we thrust through it all?

Mastr. What lost man,

The Tragedy of

Art thou in hopes and fortunes, that dar'st make
So desperate a motion.

Cæs. Launch man, and all thy feares fraight disauow,
Thou carriest *Cæsar* and his fortunes now.

Act III. Scene I.

*Pompey, two Consuls, five Kings, Brutus, Ga-
binus, Demetrius.*

NOW to *Tharsalia*, where the smarting strokes
Of our resolu'd contention must resound,
(My Lords and friends of *Rome*) I giue you all
Such welcome as the spirit of all my fortunes,
Conquests, and triumphs (now come for their crowne)
Can crowne your fauours with, and serue the hopes
Of my deare Country, to her vtmost wish ;
I can but set vp all my being to giue
So good an end to my forerunning Acts ;
The powers in me that form'd them hauing lost
No least time since, in gathering skill to better ;
But like so many Bees haue brought me home,
The sweet of what soeuer flowers haue growne
In all the meades, and gardens of the world.
All which hath growne still, as the time encrease
In which twas gather'd, and with which it stemm'd.
That what decay soeuer blood inferr'd,
Might with my mindes store, be suppli'd, and cher'd,
All which, in one fire of this instant fight
Ile burne, and sacrifice to euery cinder
In sacred offering to my Countreys loue,
And therefore what euent soeuer sort,
As I no praise will looke for, but the good
Freely bestow on all; (if good succeed)

So,

Cæsar and Pompey.

So if aduerse fate fall, I wish no blame,
But th'ill befall me, made my fortunes shame,
Not mine, nor my fault.

1 Conf. We too well loue Pompey,
To doe him that iniustice.

Bru. Who more thirsts
The Conquest, then resolves to beare the foile?

Pom. Said Brutus-like, giue seuerall witnesse all,
That you acquit me whatsoeuer fall.

2 Conf. Particular men particular fates must beare,
Who feels his owne wounds leise, to wound another?

Thes. Leau him the worst whose best is left vndone,
He only conquers whose minde still is one.

Epir. Free mindes, like dice, fall square, what ere the cast.

Ibir. Who on him selfe sole stands, stands solely fast.

Thra. He's neuer downe, whose minde fights still aloft.

Cil. Who cares for vp or downe, when all's but thought.

Gab. To things euents doth no mans power extend.

Dem. Since gods rule all, who any thing would mend.

Pom. Ye sweetly ease my charge, your selues vnburthening.
Return'd not yet our trumpet, sent to know
Of Vibius certaine state?

Gab. Not yet, my Lord.

Pomp. Too long protract we all meanes to recouer
His person quick or dead, for I still thinke
His losse seru'd fate, before we blew retreat;
Though some affirme him seene, soone after fighting.

Dem. Not after, Sir, (I heard) but ere it ended.

Gab. He bore a great minde to extend our pursuit
Much further then it was; and seru'd that day
(When you had, like the true head of a battraile,
Led all the body in that glorious turne)
Vpon a farre-off Squadron that stood last
In conduct of the great Marc Anthony,
When all the rest were fled, to past a man
That in their tough receipt of him, I saw him
Thrice breake thorow all with ease, and passe as faire

The Tragedy of

As he had all beene fire, and they but ayre.

Pom. He stuck at last yet, in their midst, it seem'd.

Gab. So haue I seene a fire drake glide at midnight
Before a dying man to point his graue,
And in it stick and hide.

Dem. He comes yet safe.

*A Trumpet sounds, and enters before Vibius,
with others.*

Pom. O *Vibius*, welcome, what a prisoner?
With mighty *Cesar*, and so quickly ransom'd?

Vib. I Sir, my ransome, needed little time,
Either to gaine agreement for the value,
Or the disburfment, since in *Cesars* grace
We both concluded.

Pom. Was his grace so free.

Vib. For your respect, Sir.

Pom. Nay, Sir, for his glory.

That the maine Conquest he so surely builds on,
(Which euer is forerun with petty fortunes)
I take not effect, by taking any friend
From all the most, my poore defence can make,
But must be compleat, by his perfect owne.

Vib. I know, Sir, you more nobly rate the freedome
He freely gaue your friend; then to peruert it
So past his wildome: that knowes much too well
Th'vncertaine state of Conquest; to raise frames
Of such presumption on her fickle wings,
And chiefly in a losse so late, and gricuous.
Besides, your forces farre exceeding his,
His whole powers being but two and twenty thousand:
And yours full foure and forty thousand strong:
For all which yet, he stood as farre from feare
In my enlargement, as the confident glory
You please to put on him; and had this end
In my so kinde dismissal, that as kindly

Cæsar and Pompey.

Imight sollicite a sure peace betwixt you.

Pom. A peace? Is't possible?

Vib. Come, doe not shew this wanton incredulity too much.

Pom. Beleeue me I was farre from such a thought
In his high stomack: *Cato* prophecied then.

What thinke my Lords our Consuls, and friend *Brutus*?

Om. An offer happy:

Br. Were it plaine and hearty.

Pom. I, there's the true inspection to his prospect.

Br. This streight of his perhaps may need a sleight
O. some hid stratagem, to bring him off,

Pom. Deuices of a new fordge to entrap me?
I rest in *Cæsars* shades? walke his strow'd paths?
Sleepe in his quiet waues? Ile sooner trust
Hibernian Boggs, and quicksands; and hell mouth
Take for my sanctuary: in bad parts
That no extreames will better, natures finger
Hath markt him to me, to take heed of him.

What thinks my *Brutus*?

Br. Tis your best and safest.

Pom. This offer'd peace of his is sure a snare
To make our warre the bloodier, whose fit feare
Makes me I dare not now (in thoughts maturer
Then late enclin'de me) put in vse the Counsaile
Your noble father *Cato* (parting) gaue me,
Whose much too tender shunning innocent blood,
This battaile hazards now, that must cost more.

1 Cons. It does, and therefore now no more deferre it.

Pom. Say all men so?

Om. We doe.

Pom. I grieue ye doe,
Because I rather wish to erre with *Cato*
Then with the truth goe of the world besides;
But since it shall abide this other stroke,
Ye gods that our great *Romane Genius*
Haue made, not giuevs one dayes conquest only,
Nor grow in conquests for some little time,

The Tragedy of

As did the *Genius* of the *Macedons*;
Nor be by land great only, like *Laconians*;
Nor yet by sea alone, as was th' *Athenians*;
Nor slowly stir'd vp, like the Persian Angell,
Nor rockt asleepe soone, like the Ionian spirit,
But made our *Romane Genius*, fiery, watchfull,
And euen from *Romes* prime, ioynd his youth with hers,
Grow as she grew, and firme as earth abide,
By her encreasing pomp, at sea, and shore,
In peace, in battaile; against *Greece* as well
As our Barbarian foes; command yet further
Ye firme and iust gods, our assistfull Angell
For *Rome*, and *Pompey*, who now fights for *Rome*;
That all these royall Lawes, to vs, and iustice
Of common safety, may the selfe-loue drowne
Of tyrannous *Cesar*; and my care for all
Your Altars crown'd with endlesse festiuall.

Exeunt.

*Cesar, Anthony, a Soothsayer, Crassinius,
Acilius, with others.*

Cas. Say (sacred Southsayer) and informe the truth,
What liking hast thou of our sacrifice?

Sooth. Imperiall *Cesar*, at your sacred charge,
I drew a milke white Oxe into the Temple,
And turning there his face into the east,
(Fearefully shaking at the shining light)
Downe fell his horned forehead to his hoofe,
When I began to greet him with the stroke,
That should prepare him for the holy rites,
With hydeous roares he laid out such a throat
As made the secret lurkings of the god
To answer ecco-like, in threatening sounds:
I stroke againe at him, and then he slept,
His life-blood boyling out at euery wound
In streams as cleare as any liquid Ruby,
And there began to alker my presage,

The

Cæsar and Pompey.

The other ill signes, shewing th'ether fortune,
Of your last skirmish, which farre opposite now
Proues, ill beginnings good euents foreshew.
For now the beast cut vp, and laid on th'Altar,
HIs lims were all lickt vp with instant flames,
Not like the Elementall fire that burnes
In household vses, lamely struggling vp,
This way and that way winding as it rises,
But (right and vp-right) reacht his proper sphere
Where burnes the fire eternall and sincere.

Cæs. And what may that presage?

Sooth. That euen the spirit
Of heauens pure flame flew downe and rauisht vp
Your offerings blaze in that religious instant,
Which shewes th'alacritie and cheerefull virtue
Of heauens free bounty, doing good in time,
And with what swiftnesse true deuotions clime.

Omn. The gods be honor'd,

Sooth. O behold with wonder,
The sacred blaze is like a torch enlightned,
Directly burning iust aboue your campe!

Omn. Miraculous.

Sooth. Beleue it, with all thanks:
The Romane *Genius* is alterd now,
And armes for *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Soothsayer be for euer
Reuerenc't of *Cæsar*. O *Marc Anthony*,
I thought to raise my camp, and all my tents,
Tooke downe for swift remotion to *Scotussa*.
Shall now our purpose hold?

Anth. Against the gods?
They grace in th' instant, and in th' instant we
Must adde our parts, and be in th' vse as free.

Craff. See Sir, the scouts returne.

Enter two scouts.

Cæs. What newes, my friends?

1 Scou. Arme, arme, my Lord, the vaward of the flec
Is rang'd already.

The Tragedy of

2 *Scou.* Answer them, and arme :
You cannot let your rest of battell vp
In happier houre ; for I this night beheld
A strange confusion in your enemies campe,
The souldiers taking armes in all dismay,
And hurling them againe as fast to earth.
Every way routing ; as th'alarme were then
Giuen to their army. A most causelesse feare
Disperst quite through them.

Cæs. Then twas *Ioue* himselfe
That with his secret finger stirr'd in them.

Crass. Other presages of successe (my Lord)
Haue strangely hapn'd in th'adiacent Cities,
To this your army : for in *Tralleis*,
Within a Temple, built to Victory,
There stands a statue of your forme and name,
Neare whose firme base, euen from the marble pauement,
There sprang a Palme tree vp, in this last night,
That seemes to crowne your statue with his boughs,
Spred in wrapt shadowes round about your browes.

Cæs. The signe, *Crassinius*, is most strange and gracefull,
Nor could get issue, but by power diuine ;
Yet will not that, nor all abodes besides
(Of neuer such kinde promise of successe)
Performe it without tough acts of our owne.
No care, no nerue the lesse to be employd ;
No offering to the gods, no vovwes, no prayers :
Secure and idle spirits neuer thrive
When most the gods for their aduancements strive.
And therefore tell me what abodes thou buildst on
In an spirit to act, enflam'd in thee,
Or in our Souldiers seene resolu'd addrestes ?

Crass. Great and firy virtue. And this day
Be sure (great *Cæsar*) of effects as great
In absolute conquest ; to which are prepar'd
Enforcements resolute, from this arm'd hand,
Which thou shalt praise me for aliue or dead.

Cæs.

Cæsar and Pompey.

Cæs. Alieue (ye gods vouchsafe) and my true vowes
For life in him (great heauen) for all my foes
(Being naturall Romans) so farre ioyntly heare
As may not hurt our Conquest; as with feare
Which thou already strangely hast diffusde
Throughall their army; which extend to flight
Without one bloody stroke of force and fight.

Anth. Tis time, my Lord, you put in forme your battell.

Cæs. Since we must fight then, and no offerd peace
Will take with *Pompey*: I reioyce to see
This long-time lookt for, and most happy day,
In which we now shall fight, with men, not hunger,
With toyles, not sweats of blood through yeares extended,
This one day seruing to decide all iarres
Twixt me and *Pompey*. Hang out of my tent
My Crimsine coat of armes, to giue my souldiers
That euer-sure signe of resolu'd-for fight.

Craff. These hands shall giue that signe to all their longings.

Exit Craff.

Cæs. My Lord, my army, I thinke best to order
In three full Squadrons: of which let me pray
Your selfe would take on you the left wings charge;
My selfe will lead the right wing, and my place
Of fight elect in my tenth legion:
My battell by *Domitius Calvinus*
Shall take direction.

*The Cote of Armes is hung out, and the Souldiers
shoute within.*

An. Hearn, your souldiers shoute
For ioy to see your bloody Cote of Armes
Assure their fight this morning.

Cæs. A blest Euen
Bring on them worthy comforts. And ye gods
Performe your good presages in euents
Of fit crowne for our discipline, and deeds
Wrought vp by conquest; that my vse of it

The Tragedy of

May wipe the hatefull and vnworthy flaine
Of Tyrant from my Temples ; and exchange it
For fautor of my Country, ye haue giuen
That title to those poore and fearefull fowles
That euery sound puts vp, in frights and cries ;
Euen then, when all *Romes* powers were weake and heartles,
When traiterous fires, and fierce Barbarian swords,
Rapines, and soule-expiring slaughters filld
Her houses, Temples, all her ayre, and earth.
To me then (whom your bounties haue enform'd
With such a spirit as despiseth feare ;
Commands in either fortune, knowes, and armes
Against the world of fate ; and therefore can
Dispoſe bleſt meanes, encourag'd to the beſt)
Much more vouchſafe that honor ; chiefly now,
When *Rome* wants only this dayes conqueſt giuen me
To make her happy, to confirme the brightneſſe
That yet ſhe ſhines in ouer all the world ;
In Empire, riches, ſtriſe of all the Arts,
In gifts of Cities, and of kingdomes ſent her ;
In Crownes laid at her feet, in euery grace
That ſhores, and ſeas, floods, *Iſlands*, Continents,
Groues, fields, hills, mines, and metals can produce ;
All which / (victor) will encrease, / vow
By all my good, acknowledg'd giuen by you.

Act IIII Scene I.

Pompey in baſſe, Brutus, Gabinus, Vibius following.

THe poyſon ſteep't in euery vaine of Empire,
In all the world, meet now in onely me,
Thunder and lighten me to death ; and make
My ſenſes feed the flame, my ſoule the crack.

Was

Cæsar and Pompey.

Was ever soueraigne Captaine of so many
Armies and Nations, so oppress'd as I,
With one host's headstrong outrage ? vrging fight,
Yet fly about my campe in panick terrors ;
No reason vnder heauen suggesting cause.
And what is this but euen the gods deterring
My iudgement from enforcing fight this morne ?
The new-fled night made day with Meteors,
Fir'd ouer *Cæsars* campe, and false in mine,
As pointing out the terrible euents
Yet in suspence, but where they threat their fall
Speake not these prodigies with fiery tongues,
And eloquence that should not moue but rauish
All sound mindes, from thus tempting the iust gods,
And spitting out their faire premonishing flames
With brackish rheumes of ruder and brain-sick number,
What's infinitely more, thus wild, thus mad
For one poore fortune of a beaten few ;
To halfe so many staid, and dreadfull souldiers ?
Long train'd, long foughten ? able, nimble, perfect
To turne and winde aduantage euery way ?
Encrease with little, and enforce with none ?
Made bold as Lyons, gaunt as famisht wolues,
With still-seru'd slaughters, and continuall toyles.
Br. You should not, Sir, forsake your owne wise Counsell,
Your owne experience discipline, owne practise,
Owne god-inspired insight to all changes,
Of Protean fortune, and her zany, warre,
For hosts, and hels of such ; What man will thinke
The best of them, not mad ; to see them range
So vp and downe your campe, already suing
For offices false, by *Cæsars* built on fall,
Before one stroke be struck ? *Domitius, Spintber,*
Your father *Scipio* now preparing friends
For *Cæsars* place of vniuersall Bishop ?
Are you th' obserued rule, and voucht example,
Who euer would commend Physitians,

That

The Tragedy of

That would not follow the diseas'd desires
Of their sick patients ? yet incurre your selfe
The faulkes that you so much abhorre in others.

Pom. I cannot, Sir, abide mens open mouthes,
Nor beill spoken of ; nor haue my counsels
And circumspections, turnd on me for feares,
With mocks and scandals that would make a man
Of lead, a lightning, in the desperat'st onset
That euer trampled vnder death, his life.
I beare the touch of feare for all their sateties,
Or for mine owne ? enlarge with twice as many
Selfe-lives, selfe-fortunes ? they shall sinke beneath
Their owne credulities, before I crosse them.
Come, haste, dispose our battaile.

Vib. Good my Lord,
Against your *Genius* warre not for the world.

Pom. By all worlds he that moues me next to beare
Their scots and imputations of my feare
For any cause, shall beare this sword to hell.
Away, to battaile ; good my Lord lead you
The whole six thousand of our yong Patricians,
Plac't in the left wing to enuiron *Cesar*.
My father *Scipio* shall lead the battaile ;
Domitius the left wing ; I the right
Against *Marc Anthony*. Takenow your filis
Ye beastly doters on your barbarous wills.

Exeunt.

*Alarums, excursions, of al : The five Kings drinen ouer
the Stage, Crassinius chiefly pursuing : At the
dore enter againe the five Kings. The
battell continued within.*

Epir. Fly, fly, the day was lost before twas fought.
Theff. The Romans feard their shadowes.

Cil. Were there euer
Such monstrous confidences, as last night
Their Cups and musique shew'd ? Before the morning

Made

Cæsar and Pompey.

Made such amazes ere one stroke was struck?

Iber. It made great Pompey mad, which who could mend?
The gods had hand in it.

Tra. It made the Consuls
Run on their swords to see't. The braue Patricians
Fled with their spoyled faces, arrowes sticking
As shot from heauen at them.

Theff. T was the charge
That *Cæsar* gaue against them.

Epir. Come, away,
Leaue all, and wonder at this fatall day. *Exeunt.*

*The fight neerer ; and enter, Crassineus, a sword, as thrust
through his face ; he falls. To him Pompey and Cæ-
sar fighting : Pompey giues way, Cæsar follows,
and enters at another dore.*

Cæs. Pursue, pursue ; the gods foreshew'd their powers,
Which we gaue issue, and the day is ours.
Crassineus ? O looke vp : he does, and shewes
Death in his broken eyes ; which *Cæsars* hands
Shall doe the honor of eternall closure.
Too well thou keptst thy word, that thou this day
Wouldst doe me seruice to our victory,
Which in thy life or death I should behold,
And praise thee for ; I doe, and must admire
Thy matchles valour, euer euer rest
Thy manly lineaments, which in a tombe
Erected to thy noble name and virtues,
Ile curiously preserue with balmes, and spices,
In eminent place of these Pharsalian fields,
Inscrib'd with this true soule of funerall,

Epitaph:

*Crassineus fought for fame, and died for Rome,
Whose publique weale springs from this private tombe.*

G

Enter

The Tragedy of

*Enter some taking him off, whom Caesar helps.
Enter Pompey, Demetrius, with black robes in their
hands, broad hats, &c.*

Pom. Thus haue the gods their iustice, men their wils,
And I, by mens wils rulde ; my selfe renouncing,
Am by my Angell and the gods abhorr'd ;
Who drew me, like a vapour, vp to heauen
To dash me like a tempest 'gainst the earth :
O the deserued terrors that attend
On humane confidence ! had euer men
Such outrage of presumption to be victors
Before they arm'd ? To send to *Rome* before
For houses neare the market place, their tents
Strowd all with flowers, and nosegayes ; tables couer'd
With cups and banquets ; bayes and mirtle garlands,
As ready to doe sacrifice for conquest
Rather then arme them for fit fight'enfore it ;
Which when I saw, I knew as well th'euent
As now I feele it, and because I rag'd
In that presage, my *Genius* shewing me clearely
(As in a mirror) all this cursed issue ;
And therefore virg'd all meanes to put it off
For this day, or from these fields to some other,
Or from this om nous confidence, till I saw
Their spirits settl'd in some grauer knowledge
Of what belong'd to such a deare decision ;
They spotted me with feare, with loue of glory,
To keepe in my command so many Kings,
So great an army ; all the hellish blastings
That could be breath'd on me, to strike me blinde
Of honor, spirit and soule : And should I then
Saue them that would in spight of heauen be ruinde ?
And, in their safeties ruine me and mine
In euerlasting rage of their detraction.

Dem. Your safety and owne honor did deserue

Respect

Cæsar and Pompey.

Respect past all their values ; O my Lord
Would you ?

Pom. Vpbraid me not , goe to, goe on.

Dem. No ; Ile not rub the wound. The misery is,
The gods for any error in a man
(Which they might rectify, and should; because
That man maintain'd the right) should suffer wrong
To be thus insolent, thus grac't, thus blest ?

Pom. O the strange carriage of their acts, by which
Men order theirs ; and their deuotions in them ;
Much rather struiuing to entangle men
In pathlesse error, then with regular right
Confirm their reasons, and their pieties light.
For now Sir, whatsoeuer was foreshowne
By heauen, or prodigy ; ten parts more for vs,
Forewarning vs, deterring vs, and all
Our blinde and brainlesse frenzies, then for *Cæsar* ;
All yet will be ascribde to his regard
Giuen by the gods for his good parts, preferring
Their glosse (being starck impostures) to the iustice,
Loue, honor, piety, of our lawes and Countrey.
Though I thinke these are arguments enow
For my acquittall, that for all these fought.

Dem. Y'are cleare, my Lord.

Pom. Gods helpe me, as I am ;
What euer my vntoucht command of millions
Through all my eight and fifty yeares, hath woonne,
This one day (in the worlds esteeme) hath lost.
So vile is praise and dispraise by euent.
For I am still my selfe in euery worth
The world could grace me with, had this dayes Euen
In one blaze ioynd, with all my other Conquests.
And shall my comforts in my well-knowne selfe
Faile me for their false fires, *Demetrius* ?

Dem. O no, my Lord.

Pom. Take grieue for them, as if
The rotten-hearted world could sleepe my soule

The Tragedy of

In filthy putrification of their owne?
Since their applauses faile me? that are hisses
To euery sound acceptance? I confesse,
That till th'affaire was past, my passions flam'd,
But now tis helplesse, and no cause in me,
Rest in these embers my vnmooued soule,
With any outward change, this dystick minding;
No man should more allow his owne losse, woes,
(Being past his fault) then any stranger does.
And for the worlds false loues, and ayry honors,
What soule that euer lou'd them most in life,
(Once seuer'd from this breathing sepulchre)
Againe came and appeard in any kind
Their kinde admirer still, or did the state
Of any best man here, associate?
And euery true soule should be here so seuer'd
From loue of such men, as here drowne their soules
As all the world does? *Cato* sole accepted,
To whom Ile fly now, and my wife in way
(Poore Lady, and poore children, worse then fatherlesse)
Visit, and comfort. Come *Demetrius*, *They disguise*
We now must suture our habites to our fortunes *themselves.*
And since these changes euer chance to greatest.
Nor desire to be
(Doe fortune, to exceed it, what she can)
A *Pompey*, or a *Cesar*, but a man. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cesar, Anthony, Acilius, with souldiers.

Ces. O We haue slaine, not conquerd, Roman blood
Peruersts th'event, and desperate blood let out
With their owne swords. Did euer men before
Enuy their owne liues, since another liu'd
Whom they would willfully conceiue their foe,
And forge a Tyrant merely in their feares
To iustifie their slaughters? Consuls? furies.

Ant. Be, Sir, their faults their grieues! The greater number
Were

Cæsar and Pompey.

Were only slaues, that left their bloods to ruth,
And altogether, but six thousand slaine.

Cæs. How euer many ; gods and men can witnesse
Themselues enforc't it, much against the most
I could enforce on *Pompey* for our peace.
Of all slaine, yet, if *Brutus* only liu'd,
I should be comforted, for his life sau'd
Would weigh the whole six thousand that are lost.
But much I feare his death, because the battell
Full stricken now, he yet abides vnfound.

Acil. I saw him fighting neare the battels end,
But suddainly giue off, as bent to fly.

Enter Brutus.

Anth. He comes here, see Sir.

Bru. I submit to *Cæsar*
My life and fortunes.

Cæs. A more welcome fortune
Is *Brutus*, then my conquest.

Bru. Sir, I fought
Against your conquest, and your selfe ; and merit
(I must acknowledge) a much sterner welcome.

Cæs. You fought with me, Sir, for I know your armes
Were taken for your Country, not for *Pompey*;
And for my Country I fought, nothing lesse
Then he, or both the mighty-stomack't Consuls ;
Both whom (I heare) haue slaine themselues before
They would enioy life in the good of *Cæsar*.
But I am nothing worse, how ill to euer
They, and the great authority of *Rome*
Would faine enforce me by their mere suspitions.
Lou'd they their Country better then her *Brutus* ?
Or knew what suited noblesse, and a *Romane*
With freer soules then *Brutus*. Those that liue
Shall see in *Cæsar*'s iustice, and what euer
Might make me worthy both their liues and loues,

The Tragedy of

That I haue lost the one without my merit,
And they the other with no Roman spirit.
Are you empair'd to liue, and ioy my loue ?
Only requite me, *Brutus*, loue but *Cesar*,
And be in all the powers of *Cesar*, *Cesar*.
In which free wish, I ioyne your father *Cato* ;
For whom Ile haste to *Visca*, and pray
His loue may strengthen my successe to day:

Exeunt.

*Porcius in haste, Marcellius bare, following. Porcius
discouers a bed, and a sword hanging by it,
which he takes downe.*

Mar. To what vse take you that (my Lord?)]

Por. Take you

No note that I take it, nor let any seruant,
Besides your selfe, of all my fathers nearest,
Serue any mood he serues, with any knowledge
Of this or any other. *Cesar* comes
And giues his army wings to reach this towne:
Not for the townes sake, but to saue my father.
Whom iustly he suspects to be resolu'd
Of any violence to his life, before
He will preserue it by a Tyrants fauour.
For *Pompey* hath miscaried, and is fled.
Be true to me, and to my fathers life;
And doe not tell him; nor his fury serue
With any other.

Mar. I will dye, my Lord,
Ere I obserue it.

Por. O my Lord and father.

*Cato, Athenodorus, Statilius.
Cato with a booke in his hand.*

Cat. What feares fly here on all sides? what wilde looks
Are squinted at me from mens mere suspicions

That

Cæsar and Pompey.

That I am wilde my selfe, and would enforce
What will be taken from me by the Tyrant.

Atb. No : Would you only aske life, he would thinke
His owne life giuen more strengthin giuing yours

Cat. I aske my life of him ?

Stat. Aske what's his owne ?

Of him he scornes should haue the least drop in it
At his disposure.

Cat. No, *Statilius*.

Men that haue forfeit liues by breaking lawes,
Or haue beene ouercome, may beg their liues,
But I haue euer beene in euery iustice
Better then *Cæsar*, and was neuer conquer'd,
Or made to fly for life, as *Cæsar* was.
But haue beene victor euer, to my wish,
'Gainst whomsoever euer hath opposde ;
Where *Cæsar* now is conquer'd in his Conquest,
In the ambition, he till now denide ;
Taking vpon him to giue life, when death
Is tenfold due to his most tyrannous selfe.
No right, no power giuen him to raise an army,
Which in despight of *Rome* he leades about
Slaughtering her loyall subiects, like an outlaw,
Nor is he better. Tongue, shew, falshood are,
To bloodiest deaths his parts so much admir'd,
Vaine glory, villany ; and at best you can,
Fed with the parings of a worthy man.
My fame affirme my life receiu'd from him ?
He rather make a beast my second father.

Stat. The gods auent from euery Roman minde
The name of slaue to any Tyrants power.
Why was man euer iust, but to be free,
'Gainst all iniustice ? and to beare about him
As well all meanesto freedome euery houre,
As euery houre he should be arm'd for death,
Which only is his freedome ?

Atb. But *Statilius*

The Tragedy of

Death is not free for any mans election,
Till nature, or the law, impose it on him.

Cat. Must a man goe to law then, when he may
Enioy his owne in peace? If I can vie
Mine owne my selfe, must I of force, reserue it
To serue a Tyrant with it? All iust men
Not only may enlarge their liues, but must,
From all rule tyrannous, or liue vniust.

Ath. By death must they enlarge their liues?

Cat. By death.

Ath. A man's not bound to that.

Cat. He proue he is.

Are not the liues of all men bound to iustice?

Ath. They are.

Cat. And therefore not to serue iniustice:
Iustice it selfe ought euer to be free,
And therefore euery iust man being a part
Of that free iustice, should be free as it.

Ath. Then wherefore is there law for death?

Cat. That all

That know not what law is, nor freely can
Performe the fitting iustice of a man

In kingdomes common good, may beenforc't,
But is not euery iust man to him selfe
The perfect law?

Ath. Suppose.

Cat. Then to himselfe

Is euery iust mans life subordinate.

Againc, Sir; Is not our free soule insus'd

To euery body in her absolute end

To rule that body? in which absolute rule

Is she not absolutely Empreffe of it?

And being Empreffe, may she not dispose
It, and the life in it, at her iust pleasure?

Ath. Not to destroy it.

Cat. No; she not destroyes it

When she disliues it; that their freedoms may

Cæsar and Pompey.

Goe firme together, like their powers and organs,
Rather then let it liue a rebell to her,
Prophaning that diuine coniunction
Twixt her and it; nay, a disiunction making
Betwixt them worse then death; in killing quick
That which in iust death liues: being dead to her
If to her rule dead; and to her aliue,
If dying in her iust rule.

Atb. The body liues not
When death hath rest it.

Cat. Yet tis free, and kept
Fit for reiunction in mans second life;
Which dying rebell to the soule, is farre
Vnsit to ioyne with her in perfect life.

Atb. It shall not ioyne with her againe.

Cat. It shall.

Atb. In reason shall it?

Cat. In apparant reason;
Which Ile proue clearly.

Stat. Heare, and iudge it Sir.

Cat. As nature works in all things to an end,
So in th'appropriate honor of that end,
All things precedent haue their naturall frame;
And therefore is there a proportion
Betwixt the ends of those things and their primes:
For else there could not be in their creation,
Alwayes, or for the most part, that firme forme
In their still like existence; that we see
In each full creature. What proportion then
Hath an immortall with a mortall substance?
And therefore the mortality to which
A man is subiect; rather is a sleepe,
Then bestiall death; since sleepe and death are call'd
The twins of nature. For if absolute death
And bestiall sease the body of a man,
Then is there no proportion in his parts,
His soule being free from death, which otherwise

The Tragedy of

Retaines diuine proportion. For as sleepe
No disproportion holds with humane soules,
But aptly quickens the proportion
Twixt them and bodies, making bodies fitter
To giue vp formes to soules, which is their end :
So death (twin-borne of sleepe) resolving all
Mans bodies heauy parts ; in lighter nature
Makes a reunion with the spritely soule ;
When in a second life their beings giuen,
Holds their proportion firme, in highest heauen.

Atb. Hold you our bodies shall reuiue, resumming
Our soules againe to heauen ?

Cat. Past doubt, though others
Thinke heauen a world too high for our low reaches.
Not knowing the sacred sence of him that sings,
Ioue can let downe a golden chaine from heauen,
Which tyed to earth, shall fetch vp earth and seas ;
And what's that golden chaine, but our pure soules,
A golden beame of him, let downe by him,
That gouern'd with his grace, and drawne by him,
Can hoist this earthy body vp to him,
The sea, and ayre, and all the elements
Comprest in-it: not while tis thus concreat,
But fin'd by death, and then giuen heavenly heat.

Atb. Your happy exposition of that place
(Whose sacred depth I neuer heard so sounded)
Euicts glad grant from me you hold a truth.

Stat. Is't not a manly truth, and mere diuine ?

Cat. Tis a good chearefull doctrine for good men.
But (sonne and seruants) this is only argu'd
To spend our deare time well, and no life vrgeth.
To any violence further then his owner
And grauer men hold fit. Lets talke of *Cesar*,
He's the great subiect of all talke, and he
Is hotly halting on. Is supper ready ?

Mar. It is, my Lord.

Cat. Why then let's in and eat ;

Cæsar and Pompey.

Our coole submission will quench *Cæsars* heat.

Sta. Submission? here's for him.

Cat. Statilius,

My reasons must not strengthen you in error,

Nor learn'd *Athenodorus* gentlyeelding.

Talke with some other deepe Philosophers,

Or some diuine Priest of the knowing gods,

And heare their reasons, in meane time come sup: *Exeunt.*

*Cato going out arme in arme
betwixt Athen. and Statilius.*

Act V. Scene I.

*Enter Uffers, with the two Lentuli, and Septimius before
Cornelia; Cyris, Telephila, Lelia, Drusus, with others,
following, Cornelia, Septimius and the two
Lentuli reading letters:*

Cor. SO may my comforts for this good newes thrue
As I am thankfull for them to the Gods.
Ioyes vnexpected, and in desperate plight,
Are still most sweet, and proue from whence they come;
When earths still Moonelike confidence, in ioy,
Is at her full, True ioy descending farre
From past her sphere, and from that highest heaven
That moues and is not mou'd: how farre was I
From hope of these euents, when fearefull dreames
Of Harpies tearing out my heart? of armies
Terribly ioyning? Cities, kingdomes falling,
And all on me? prou'd sleepe, not twin to death,
But to me, death it selfe? yet making then,
These letters, full of as much chearefull life,
I found closde in my hand. O gods how iustly
Ye laugh at all things earthly? at all feares

The Tragedy of

That rise not from your iudgements ? at all ioyes,
Not drawne directly from your selues, and in ye,
Distrust in man is faith, trust in him ruine.
Why write great learned men ? men merely rapt
With sacred rage, of confidence, beleefe ?
Vndanted spirits ? inexorable fate
And all feare treading on ? tis all but ayre,
If any comfort be, tis in despaire.

1 *Len.* You learned Ladies may hold any thing.

2 *Lent.* Now madam is your walk from coach come neare
The promontory, where you late commanded
A Sentinell should stand to see from thence
If either with a nauy, brought by sea,
Or traine by land ; great *Pompey* comes to greet you
As in your letters, he neare this time promise.

Cor. O may this Isle of *Lesbos*, compast in
With the *Egean* sea, that doth diuide
Europe from *Asia*. (The sweet literate world
From the Barbarian) from my barbarous dreames
Diuide my dearest husband and his fortunes.

2 *Len.* He's busied now with ordering offices.
By this time, madam, sits your honor'd father *He looks in*
In *Casars* chaire of vniuersall Bishop. *his letter.*
Domitius Enobarbas, is made Consull,
Spynter his Consort ; and *Phaonius*
Tribune, or Preter.

Septimius with a letter.

Sep. These were only fought
Before the battaile, not obtaind ; nor mouing
My father but in shadowes.

Corn. Why should men
Tempt fate with such firme confidence ? seeking places
Before the power that should dispose could grant them ?
For then the stroke of battaile was not struck.

1 *Len.* Nay, that was fure enough. *Physitians* know

When

Cæsar and Pompey.

When sick mens eyes are broken, they must dye.
Your letters telling you his victory
Lost in the skirmish, which I know hath broken
Both the eyes and heart of *Cæsar* : for as men
Healthfull through all their liues to grey-hayr'd age,
When sicknesse takes them once, they seldom scape:
So *Cæsar* victor in his generall fights
Till this late skirmish, could no aduerse blow
Sustaine without his vtter ouerthrow.

2 *Lent.* See, madam, now; your Sentinell : enquire.

Cor. Seest thou no fleet yet (*Sentinell*) nor traine
That may be thought great *Pompeys* ?

Sen. Not yet, madame.

1 *Lent.* Seest thou no trauellers adrest this way ?
In any number on this Lesbian shore ?

Sent. I see some not worth note; a couple comming
This way, on foot, that are not now farre hence.

2 *Lent.* Come they apace ? like messengers with newes ?

Sent. No, nothing like (my Lord) nor are their habites
Of any such mens fashions; being long mantles,
And fable hew'd; their heads all hid in hats
Of parching *Theffaly*, broad brimm'd, high crown'd.

Cor. These serue not our hopes.

Sent. Now I see a ship,
A kenning hence, that strikes into the haven.

Cor. One onely ship ?

Sen. One only, madam, yet.

Cor. That should not be my Lord.

1 *Lent.* Your Lord ? no madam.

Sen. She now lets out arm'd men vpon the land.

2 *Lent.* Arm'd men ? with drum, and colours ?

Sen. No, my Lord,

But bright in armes, yet beare halfe pikes, or beadhooques.

1 *Lent.* These can be no plumes in the traine of *Pompey*.

Cor. He see him in his letter, once againe.

Sen. Now, madam, come the two I saw on foot.

The Tragedy of

Enter Pompey and Demetrius:

Dem. See your Princeſſe, Sir, come thus farre from the City in her coach, to encounter your promiſt comming About this time in your laſt letters.

Pom. The world is alterd ſince *Demetrius*, (*offer to goe by.*

Lent. See, madam, two Theſſalian Augurs it ſeemes By their habits. Call, and enquire if either by their Skills or trauels, they know no newes of your husband.

Cor. My friends? a word.

Dem. With vs, madam?

Cor. Yes. Are you of *Theſſaly*?

Dem. I, madam, and all the world beſides.

Cor. Your Country is great.

Dem. And our portions little.

Cor. Are you Augures?

Dem. Augures, madam? yes a kinde of Augures, *alias* Wizerds, that goe vp and downe the world, teaching How to turne ill to good.

Cor. Can you doe that?

Dem. I, madam, you haue no worke for vs, haue you? No ill to turne good, I meane?

Cor. Yes; the abſence of my husband.

Dem. What's he?

Cor. *Pompey* the great.

Dem. Wherein is he great?

Cor. In his command of the world.

Dem. Then he's great in others. Take him without his Addition (great) what is he then?

Cor. *Pompey*.

Dem. Not your husband then?

Cor. Nothing the leſſe for his greatneſſe.

Dem. Not in his right; but in your comforts he is.

Cor. His right is my comfort.

Dem. What's his wrong?

Cor. My ſorrow.

Dem:

Cæsar and Pompey.

Dem. And that's ill.

Cor. Yes.

Dem. Y^e are come to the vse of our Profession, madam,
Would you haue that ill turnd good? that
Sorrow turnd comfort?

Cor. Why is my Lord wrong'd?

Dem. We professe not that knowledge, madam:
Suppose he were.

Cor. Not I.

Dem. Youle suppose him good.

Cor. He is so.

Dem. Then must you needs suppose him wrong'd; for
All goodnesse is wrong'd in this world.

Cor. What call you wrong?

Dem. Ill fortune, affliction.

Cor. Thinke you my Lord afflicted?

Dem. If I thinke him good (madam) I must, Vnlesse he
Be worldly good, and then, either he is ill, or has ill:
Since, as no sugar is without poyson: so is no worldly
Good without ill. Euen naturally nourisht in it, like a
Houshold thiefe, which is the worst of all theeues.

Cor. Then he is not worldly, but truly good.

Dem. He's too great to be truly good; for worldly greatnes
Is the chiefe worldly goodnesse; and all worldly goodnesse
(I prou'd before) has ill in it: which true good has not.

Cor. If he rule well with his greatnesse, wherein is he ill?

Dem. But great Rulers are like Carpenters that weare their
Rules at their backs still: and therefore to make good your
True good in him, y^e ad better suppose him little, or meane.
For in the meane only is the true good.

Pom. But every great Lady must haue her husband
Great still; or her loue will be little.

Cor. I am none of those great Ladyes.

I Len. She's a Philosophresse Augure, and can turne
Ill to good as well as you.

Pom. I would then, not honor, but adore her: could you
Submit your selfe chearefully to your husband;

Supposing.

The Tragedy of

Supposing him false?

Cor. If he submit himselfe chearfully to his fortune,

Pom. Tis the greatest greatnes in the world you vndertake.

Cor. I would be so great, if he were.

Pom. In supposition.

Cor. In fact.

(greatnesse;

Pom. Be no woman, but a Goddesse then; & make good thy
I am chearfully false; be chearfull.

Cor. I am: and welcome, as the world were close
In these embraces.

Pom. Is it possible?

A woman, losing greatnesse, still as good,
As at her greatest? O gods, was I euer
Great till this minute?

Amb. Len. Pompey?

Pom. View me better.

Amb. Len. Conquered by Caesar?

Pom. Not I, but mine army.

No fault in me, in it: no conquest of me:
I tread this low earth as I trod on Caesar.
Must I not hold my selfe, though lose the world?
Nor lose I lesse; a world lost at one clap,
Tis more then *loue* euer thundred with.
What glory is it to haue my hand hurle
So vast a volley through the groning ayre?
And is't not great, to turne griefes thus to ioyes,
That breake the hearts of others?

Amb. Len. O tis *loue*-like.

Pom. It is to imitate *loue*, that from the wounds
Of softest clouds, beats vp the terriblest sounds.
I now am good, for good men still haue least,
That twixt themselves and God might rise their rest.

Cor. O Pompey, Pompey: neuer Great till now.

Pom. O my *Cornelia*: let vs still be good,
And we shall still be great: and greater farre
In euery solid grace, then when the tumor
And bile of rotten obseruation sweld vs.

Griefes

Cæsar and Pompey.

Griefes for wants outward, are without our cure,
Greatnesse, not of it selfe, is neuer sure.

Before, we went vpon heauen, rather treading
The virtues of it vnderfoot, in making
The vicious world our heauen; then walking there
Euen here, as knowing that our home; contemning
All forg'd heauens here raide; setting hills on hills.
Vulcan from heauen fell, yet on's feet did light,
And stood no lesse a god then at his height;
At lowest, things lye fast: we now are like
The two Poles propping heauen, on which heauen moues
And they are fixt, and quiet, being aboue
All motion farre; we rest about the heauens.

Cor. O, I more ioy, t' embrace my Lord thus fixt,
Then he had brought me ten inconstant conquests.

I Len. Miraculous standing in a fall so great,
Would *Cæsar* knew, Sir, how you conquerd him
In your conuiction.

Pom. Tis enough for me
That *Pompey* knows it. I will stand no more
On others legs: nor build one ioy without me.
If euer I be worth a house againe,
Ile build all inward: not a light shall ope
The common outway: no expence, no art;
No ornament, no dore will I vse there,
But raise all plaine, and rudely, like a rampier,
Against the false society of men
That still batters
All reason peccemeale. And for earthy greatnesse
All heavenly comforts rarifies to ayre,
Ile therefore liue in darke, and all my light,
Like ancient Temples, let in at my top.
This were to turne ones back to all the world,
And only looke at heauen. *Empedocles*
Recur'd a mortall plague through all his Country,
With stopping vp the yawning of a hill,
From whence the hollow and vnwholsome South

The Tragedy of

Exhale his venomd vapor. And what else
Is any King, giuen ouer to his lusts,
But euen the poyson'd cleft of that crackt mountaine,
That all his kingdome plagues with his example?
Which I haue stopt now, and so cur'd my Country
Of such a sensuall pestilence:

When therefore our diseas'd affections
Harmefull to humane freedome; and stormelike
Interring darknesse to th'infected minde
Oppresse our comforts: tis but letting in
The light of reason, and a purer spirit,
Take in another way; like roomes that fight
With windowes gainst the winde, yet let in light.

Amb. Len. My Lord, we seru'd before, but now adore you.

Sen. My Lord, the arm'd men I discou'r'd lately
Vnshipt, and landed; now are trooping neare.

Pom. What arm'd men are they?

Len. Some, my Lord, that lately
The Sentinell discouer'd, but not knew.

Sen. Now all the sea (my Lords) is hid with ships,
Another Promontory flanking this,
Some furlong hence, is climb'd, and full of people,
That easily may see hither: it seemes looking
What these so neare intend: Take heed, they come.

Enter Achilles, Septimus, Salusius, with souldiers.

Ach. Haile to Romes great Commander, to whom *Egypt*
(Not long since seated in his kingdome by thee,
And sent to by thee in thy passage by)
Sends vs with answer: which withdraw and heare.

Pom. Ile kille my children first.

Sep. Bleis me, my Lord.

Pom. I will, and *Cyru*, my poore daughter too.
Euen that high hand that huld me downe thus low,
Kepe you from rising high: I heare: now tell me.
I thinke (my friend) you once seru'd vnder me;

Septimus only nods with his head.

Pom.

Cæsar and Pompey.

Pom. Nod onely ? not a word daigne ? what are these ?
Cornelia ? I am now not worth mens words.

Ach. Please you receiue your ayde, Sir ?

Pom. I, I come. *Exit Pom. They draw and follow.*

Cor. Why draw they ? See, my Lords ; attend them vsuers.

Sen. O they haue slaine great *Pompey*.

Cor. O my husband.

Sept. Cyr. Mother, take comfort. *Enter Pompey bleeding.*
O my Lord and father.

Pom. See heauens your sufferings, is my Countries loue,
The iustice of an Empire ; pietie ;
Worth this end in their leader : last yet life,
And bring the gods off fairer : after this
Who will adore, or serue the deities ?

He hides his face with his robe.

Enter the Murtherers.

Ach. Helpe hale him off : and take his head for *Cæsar*.

Sep. Mother ? O saue vs ; *Pompey* ? O my father.

*Enter the two Lentuli and Demetrius bleeding,
and kneele about Cornelia.*

I Len. Yet fals not heauen ? Madam, O make good
Your late great spirits ; all the world will say,
You know not how to beare aduerse euent,
If now you languish.

Om. Take her to her coach.

They beare her out.

Cato with a booke in his hand.

O Beastly apprehenders of things manly,
And merely heauenly : they with all the reasons
I vsde for iust mens liberties, to beare
Their liues and deaths vp in their owne free hands ;
Feare still my resolution though I seeme

The Tragedy of

To giue it off like them : and now am woonne
To thinke my life in lawes rule, not mine owne,
When once it comes to death ; as if the law
Made for a sort of outlawes, must bound me
In their subiection ; as if I could
Berackt out of my vaines, to liue in others ;
As so I must, if others rule my life ;
And publique power keepe all the right of death,
As if men needes must serue the place of iustice ;
The forme, and idoll, and renounce it selfe ?
Our selues, and all our rights in God and goodnesse ?
Our whole contents and freedoms to dispose,
All in the ioyes and wayes of arrant rogues ?
No stay but their wilde errors, to sustaine vs ?
No forges but their throats to vent our breaths ?
To forme our liues in, and repose our deaths ?
See, they haue got my sword. Who's there ?

Enter Marcellius bare.

Mar. My Lord:

Cat. Who tooke my sword hence ? Dumb ? I doe not aske
For any vse or care of it : but hope
I may be answered. Goe Sir, let me haue it. *Exit Mar.*
Poore slaues, how terrible this death is to them ?
If men would sleepe, they would be wroth with all
That interrupt them. Physick take to take
The golden rest it brings : both pay and pray
For good, and soundest naps : all friends consenting
In those kinde inuocations ; praying all
Good rest, the gods vouchsafe you ; but when death
(Sleepes naturall brother) comes ; (that's nothing worse,
But better ; being more rich ; and keepes the store ;
Sleepes euer fickle, wayward still, and poore)
O how men grudge, and shake, and feare, and fly
His sterne approaches ? all their comforts taken
In faith, and knowledge of the blisse and beauties

That

Cæsar and Pompey.

That watch their wakings in an endlesse life:
Dround in the paines and horrors of their sense
Sustained but for an houre; be all the earth
Rapt with this error, Ile pursue my reason,
And hold that as my light and fiery pillar,
Th'eternall law of heauen and earth no firmer.
But while I seeke to conquer conquering *Cæsar*,
My soft-splend' servants ouerrule and curb me.

He knocks, and Brutus enters.

Where's he I sent to fetch and place my sword
Where late I left it? Dumb to? Come another!

Enter Cleantes.

Where's my sword hung here?

Cle. My Lord, I know not,

Ent. Marcius.

Car. The rest, come in there. Where's the sword I charg'd
To giue his place againe? Ile breake your lips open, (you
Spight of my freedome; all my seruants, friends;
My sonne and all, will needs betray me naked
To th'armed malice of a foe so fierce
And Beare-like, mankinde of the blood of virtue.
O gods, who euer saw me thus contemn'd?
Goe call my sonne in; tell him, that the lesse
He shewes himselfe my sonne, the lesse Ile care
To liue his father.

*Enter Athenodorus, Porcius: Porcius kneeling; Brutus,
Cleantes and Marcius by him.*

Por. I beseech you, Sir,
Rest patient of my duty, and my loue;
Your other children think on, our poore mother,
Your family, your Country.

Car. If the gods
Giue ouer all, Ile fly the world with them.
Athenodorus, I admire the changes,
I note in heauenly prouidence. When *Pompey*
Did all things out of course, past right, past reason,

The Tragedy of

He stood invincible against the world :
Yet, now his cares grew pious, and his powers
Set all vp for his Countrey, he is conquered.

Atb. The gods wills secret are, nor must we measure
Their chaste-reserued deepes by our dry shallowes.
Sufficeth vs, we are entirely such
As twixt them and our consciences we know
Their graces, in our virtues, shall present
Vnspotted with the earth ; to'th high throne
That ouerlookes vs: for this gyant world
Let's not contend with it, when heauen it selfe
Failes to reforme it : why should we affect
The least hand ouer it, in that ambition ?
A heape ris of digested villany ;
Virtue in labor with eternall Chaos
Prest to a liuing death, and rackt beneath it.
Her throwes vnpitied ; euery worthy man
Limb by limb sawne out of her virgine wombe,
To liue here peecemeall tortur'd, fly life then ;
Your life and death made presidents for men.

Exit.

Cat. Ye heare (my masters) what a life this is,
And vse much reason to respect it so.
But mine shall serue ye. Yet restore my sword,
Lest too much ye presume, and I conceiue
Ye front me like my fortunes. Where's *Statilius* ?

Por. I think Sir, gone with the three hundred Romans
In *Lucius Casars* charge, to serue the victor.

Cat. And would not take his leaue of his poore friend ?
Then the Philosophers haue stoop't his spirit,
Which I admire, in one so free, and knowing,
And such a fiery hater of base life,
Besides, being such a vow'd and noted foe
To our great Conqueror. But I aduise him
To spare his youth, and liue.

Por. My brother *Brutus*
Is gone to *Caesar*.

Cat. *Brutus* ? Of mine honor

(Although

Cæsar and Pompey.

(Although he be my sonne in law) I must say
There went as worthy, and as learned a President
As liues in *Romes* whole rule, for all lifes actions ;
And yet your sister *Porcia* (his wife)
Would scarce haue done this. But (for you my sonne)
Howeuer *Cæsar* deales with me ; be counsailede
By your experienc't father, not to touch
At any action of the publique weale,
Nor any rule beare neare her politique sterne :
For, to be vpright, and sincere therein
Like *Catos* sonne, the times corruption
Will neuer beare it : and, to sooth the time,
You shall doe basely, and vnworthy your life ;
Which, to the gods I wish, may outweigh mine
In euery virtue ; howsoeuer ill
You thrive in honor.

Por. I, my Lord, shall gladly
Obey that counsell.

Cat. And what needed you
Vrge my kinde care of any charge that nature
Imposes on me ? haue I euer showne
Loues least defect to you ? or any dues
The most indulgent father (being discreet)
Could doe his dearest blood ? doe you me right
In iudgement, and in honor ; and dispence
With passionate nature : goe, neglect me not,
But send my sword in. Goe, tis I that charge you.

Por. O my Lord, and father, come, aduise me. *Exeunt.*

Cat. What haue I now to thinke on in this world ?
No one thought of the world, I goe each minute
Discharg'd of all cares that may fit my freedome.
The next world, and my soule, then let me serue
With her last vtterance ; that my body may
With sweetnesse of the passage drowne the sowre
That death will mix with it : the Consuls soules
That slew themselues so nobly, scorning life
Led vnder Tyrants Scepters, mine would see,

The Tragedy of

For we shall know each other, and past death
Retaine those formes of knowledge learn'd in life;
Since, if what here we learne, we there shall lose,
Our immortality were not life, but time.
And that our soules in reason are immortall,
Their naturall and proper objects proue;
Which immortality and knowledge are.
For to that object euer is referr'd
The nature of the soule, in which the acts
Of her high faculties are still employde.
And that true object must her powers obtaine
To which they are in natures aime directed.
Since twere absurd to haue her set an object
Which possibly she neuer can aspire.

Enter a Page with his sword taken out before.

Pag. Your sword, my Lord.

Cat. O is it found? lay downe
Vpon the bed (my boy) *Exit Pa.* Poore men; a boy
Must be preferred; manhood at no hand
Must serue so toule a fact; for so are calde
(In common mouths) mens fairest acts of all.
Vnsheath; is't sharpe? tis sweet. Now I am safe,
Come *Cesar*, quickly now, or lose your vassall.
Now wing thee, deare soule, and receiue her heauen.
The earth, the ayre, and seas I know, and all
The ioyes, and horrors of their peace and warres,
And now will see the gods state, and the starres.

*He falls vpon his sword, and enter Statilius at another
side of the Stage with his sword drawne, Por-
cius, Brutus, Cleantes and Marci-
lus holding his hands,*

Stat. Cato? my Lord?

Por. I sweare (*Statilius*)

Cæsar and Pompey.

He's forth, and gone to seeke you, charging me
To seeke elsewhere, lest you had slaine your selfe ;
And by his loue entreated you would liue.

Sta. I sweare by all the gods, Ile run his fortunes.

Por. You may, you may; but shun the victor now,
Who neare is, and will make vs all his slaues.

Sta. He shall himselfe be mine first, and my slaues. *Exit.*

Por. Looke, looke in to my father, O (I feare)
He is no sight for me to beare and liue. *Exit.*

Omn. 3. O ruthfull spectacle !

Cle. He hath ript his entrals.

Brn. Search, search ; they may be found.

Cle. They may, and are.

Giue leaue, my Lord, that I may sew them vp
Being yet vnperisht.

Ca. Stand off; now they are not.

*He thrusts him back, &
plucks out his entrals.*

Haue he my curse that my lifes least part saues.
Iust men are only free, the rest are slaues.

Brn. Myrror of men.

Mar. The gods enuied his goodnesse.

*Enter Cesar, Anthony, Brutus, Acilius, with Lords
and Citizens of Vtica.*

Cas. Too late, too late, with all our haste. O *Cato*,
All my late Conquest, and my lifes whole acts,
Most crownde, most beautified, are basted all
With thy graue lifes expiring in their scorne.
Thy life was rule to all liues, and thy death
(Thus forcibly despising life) the quench
Of all liues glories.

Ant. Vnreclaimed man ?

How censures *Brutus* his sterne fathers fact ?

Brn. T was not well done.

Cas. O censure not his acts ;
Who knew as well what fitted man, as all men.

The Tragedy of

Enter Achilius, Septimius, Saluius, with Pompeys head.

All kneeling. Your enemies head great *Caesar*.

Cas. Cursed monsters,

Wound not mine eyes with it, nor in my camp
Let any dare to view it; farre as noblesse
The den of barbarisme flies, and blisse
The bitterest curse of vex and tyrannicide nature,
Transferrè it from me. Borne the plagues of virtue
How durst ye poyson thus my thoughts? to torture
Them with instant rapture.

Omn. 3. Sacred *Caesar*.

Cas. Away with them; I vow by all my comforts,
Who slack seemes, or not fiery in my charge,
Shall suffer with them.

All the souldiers. Out base murderers;
Tortures, tortures for them: *hale them out.*

Omn. Cruell *Caesar*.

Cas. Too milde with any torture.

Brn. Let me craue

The ease of my hate on their one curst life.

Cas. Good *Brutus* take it; O you coole the poyson
These villaines flaming pou'rd vpon my spleen
To suffer with my lothings. If the blood
Of euery common Roman toucht so neare;
Shall I confirme the false brand of my tyranny
With being found a fautor of his murder
Whom my deare Country chulde to fight for her?

Ant. Your patience Sir, their tortures well will quit you.

Brn. Let my slaues vse, Sir, be your president.

Cas. It shall, I sweare: you doe me infinite honor.

O *Cato*, I enuy thy death, since thou

Enuiedst my glory to preserue thy life.

Why fled his sonne and friend *Statilius*?

So farre I fly their hurt, that all my good
Shall fly to their desires. And (for himselfe)

My

Cæsar *and* Pompey.

My Lords and Citizens of *Vtica*,
His much renowne of you, quit with your most,
And by the sea, vpon some eminent rock,
Erect his sumptuous tombe; on which aduance
With all fit state his statue; whose right hand
Let hold his sword, where, may to all times rest
His bones as honor'd as his soule is blest.

F I N I S.